In This Issue

VOLUME 154 January 1, 1930 NUMBER 1

Looking Forward 3

Frontispiece: In the Metro . . 4
An Etching by HAUPERS

Articles

Europe's Babbitry 5
By NATHANIEL PEFFER

Litvinoff and Stimson . . . 8
By T. R. YBARRA

Long Skirts and the Waltz . . 9
By LOUIS H. CHALIF

Humbugging the Taxpayer . . 12
By WILLIAM PICKETT HELM

The Gospel Spreads . . . 22
The Life of Mary Baker Eddy
By FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

Business Prophets 26
By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

Sportsmen I Have Met . . . 27
By JOHN R. TUNIS

The Trend of Events

Rail Consolidation 14

North Carolina Trials . . . 14

Before the Conference . . . 14

The Week's Birdmen . . . 15

Salary-grab-bag 15

Farmer and Grain Dealer . . 15

At the Vatican 16

Hollywood Mystery . . . 16

Charting Social Trends . . 17

Promises to Pay 17

In Aid of Moby Dick . . . 17

Heflin Chastised 18

More from Massachusetts . . 18

Pictorial Review 18

Science in Suspense . . . 19

Remarkable Remarks . . . 19

Valls vs. Mexico 19

Back Stage in Washington . . 20

Editorial

The Cost of Modern Medical Care 21
By MORRIS FISHBEIN

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 28
Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS
With Reviews by LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL, WM. FRAUENGLASS AND THE EDITOR

Behind the Blurbs . . . 29
By WALTER R. BROOKS

Of Criticism 31
By JOHAN SMERTENKO

The Theatre 32
By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

The Movies 33
By CREIGHTON PEET

Art 34
Rough-Neck
By ARTHUR STRAWN

From the Life 35
By IBBY HALL

With Our Readers 2

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Looking Forward

ONE OF THE interesting things about editing a magazine of this character is the variety of opinion with which the editors come in contact whenever an especially provocative or original point of view is set forth by a contributor, or an article is printed which contains facts hitherto unappreciated or unknown. Of only one thing are the editors perfectly sure when such an article is published—that the opinions certain to be evoked will be totally beyond their power to imagine in advance.

IN ORDER to give all our subscribers the interest and enjoyment which the editors thus derive, our "With Our Readers" department is included in every issue. The letters which can be printed in its limited space, however, are not many, particularly if any of them be long. For which reason we would request that everybody who does write to the magazine make his or her letter as brief as possible and still say the vital thing which it is desired to say.

ONE OF THE great illusions which this journal would like to dispel is that one which considers national weeklies as in some peculiar way impersonal entities—like great corporations—which have grown completely away from all human, personal touch with their readers, and stand merely for large, abstract ideas.

IT IS TRUE that readers of magazines like this are scattered all over the country, in cities, towns and places widely separated and different. Usually they have come to read the magazine without personal contact with any of the men and women who make it.

ALL TOGETHER, however, probably not more than three hundred thousand people read the Outlook and Independent. And that is only a good sizable city. The opinions of its inhabitants make interesting reading for all of us. Remember, therefore, when writing in, that you are writing not merely to us but to all the other citizens of what we sometimes call Outlook Town.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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IN THE METRO
A group of Paris Subway types
Etching by Haupers

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Outlook
and Independent
January 1, 1930

Europe's Babbitry

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

George F. Babbitt may be found in all countries; not in America alone. It is not Americanization, but the machine, which threatens to standardize Europe. As yet, however, Babbitt of Europe is not as influential as Babbitt, U. S. A. He keeps in his place. Mr. Peffer was for many years a foreign correspondent and is author of "The White Man's Dilemma"

IN OUR OWN vernacular, Europe is becoming America-conscious. There is no doubt a great deal of headline exaggeration and tourist generalization about anti-Americanism in Europe, yet it is true that so far as there is any sentiment common to all parts of contemporary Europe—which is not very far—it is a sentiment compounded of fear, curiosity, amazement, scorn and admiration. A few years ago thoughtful Europeans were asking whether Europe *would* be Americanized. Today they are saying it *is* being Americanized. They are saying it with an air of fatalism and with inflections of distaste.

To this extent Europe may be called anti-American, but its state of mind is better described as America-conscious. If it is that, so is America today. In fact, most contemporary European opinions about America are documented from American sources. America always has been an engaging spectacle to European social critics, and there was a time when European writers came to study us as strange fauna whose habits could best be observed in their own bizarre setting. The literature of top-lofty patronage which they produced is voluminous. Today they still come, and perhaps in much the same mood, but the kind of literature which they once produced now emanates from our own shores. For literary America is now given to soul searching, and the findings, which are broadcast, are not such as to lay unction to our own breasts. Still less are they likely to calm the breasts of those who see therein the projection of what they, themselves, are to be. Concretely, when you feel yourself foredoomed to being Americanized and Americanization appears to be what Mencken, Lewis et al. report, you do not have to be anti-American to feel an inward qualm, if not an outward resentment.

The head and front of our offending is, first, that we are about to o'erstride the world, and not only master it by means of our material power but impose our likeness on it culturally. Second, it is that we are culturally barbarians, with which the fact of our democracy seems to have some relation, especially in the minds of our own sniffing literati.

Europe is indeed undergoing a profound transformation and obviously the change is in the direction of resemblance to America, but that which is changing it is not America or the infection of the American spirit or the might of the American dollar, but the machine. And the machine is the product not of any one country but of scientific discovery and technical invention. It happens to be identified with America because here it has had its highest development, here it was unimpeded by the inertia of an old society and established traditions. What has given American life its distinctive form, spirit and tempo is the machine. This—not any particular quality of racial mind and soul—has brought large-scale production, standardization of goods, uniformity of thought, and wealth without time for spiritual digestion. America, too, has been Americanized. No matter how much Germany, France, England and Italy may change, the change will be no greater than that of Boston and Charleston and Richmond since 1850.

If European life begins to move in jazz tempo, if mass production and the elaborate technique of salesmanship are already beginning to press the habits of individuals into a common mold and the greater ease of communication to beat their ideas into a common pattern—these are but the first signs that Europe has set its feet on the road that leads to New York and Detroit and Dubuque, Iowa—and no doubt to advertising campaigns, universal slang and "weeks." It will not be so clear a road as here, nor will it be so quickly traversed, for the deposits of an old past have heaped up obstructions, but it leads in the same general direction. The machine is beginning to conquer Europe, now that its full potentialities are being realized. No doubt it will conquer Asia as well—breaches have already been made in the defenses of Japan and China and India. It is the triumph of mechanization, not Americanization. It is the triumph, really, of the age.

When this is said nearly all has been said about America and American influence in Europe that can be said, nearly all that need be said, for it explains all. But much more is usually said. It is flung at us that we lack individuality; we are standardized; we

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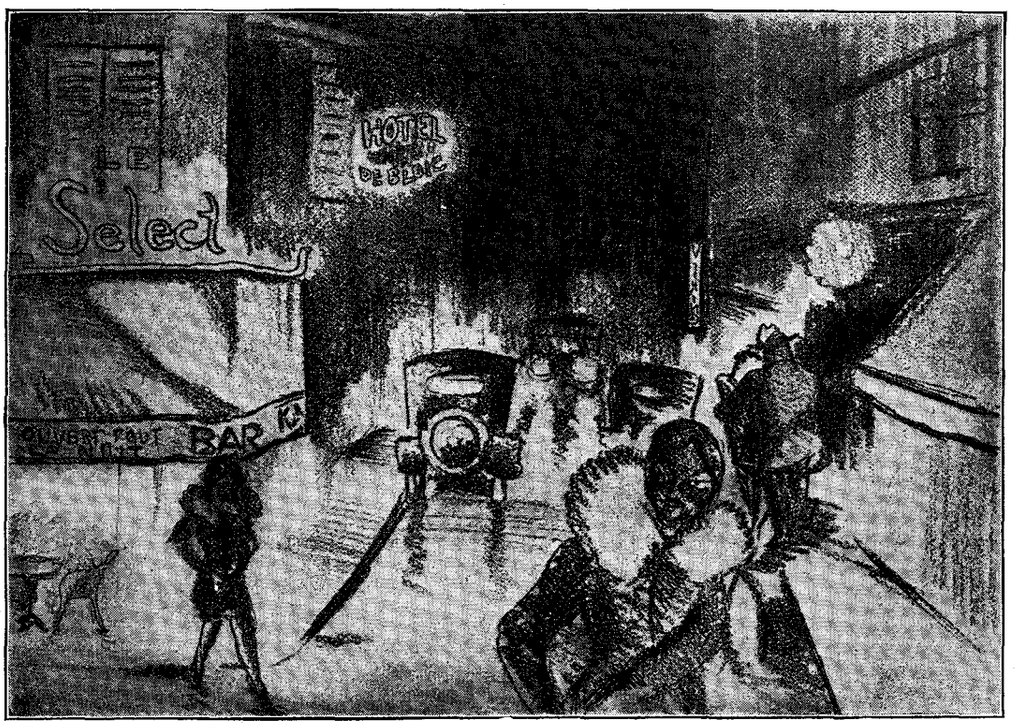
are materialistic; we take size, not content, for our criterion; we are rich in things and impoverished in spirit; our life is savorless and crude; we are uncultivated and contemptuous of culture; we are vulgar—we are Babbitts and Babbitry is our ideal. This is the charge that is laid against us. Heretofore it was made only by others, but now with the greatest asperity by ourselves.

THE answer is that it may be true, but who has the right to say it? Of whom is it not true? We have our Main Streets and our Babbitry. But are they unique to us? Where, then, are they lacking? Is the small town of Europe less deadening than our own? In outward aspect it is, and in the flavor of its atmosphere. I happen just to have spent some months in one of the most charming of European small towns, a baroque jewel set in a valley in one of the most mellowed regions of the continent. There, dwelling houses that were standing in the sixteenth century are still being dwelt in—and are in better condition than the gorgeous, glittering and shoddy apartment palaces in New York three and four years old—there, customs are as smoothly rounded as the houses, and life, as yet relatively unflattened by the leveling of the machine age, still has ease and graciousness. But there, too, is the wearing monotony of eventlessness, the unchanging and ever narrowing horizon, exclusive preoccupation with the day's little happenings, and mental stagnation—all that the small town everywhere pays for shelter from the struggle of the metropolis. And there, too, the cruelty of the pack, everywhere most terrible when the pack is small, is visited with relentless ferocity on the individual who strays from its prescribed paths. The *mores* may differ, but for those who violate them there is as little tolerance as in the small town of the Mississippi Valley. The notions of the Old Ladies of Dubuque differ in different environments, but they are always on the same level. It is one thing to visit a charming old European town as a tourist, and another to live there and sample the stuff of life uncolored by the illusion of picturesqueness, age and unfamiliarity.



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RUE VAVIN, PARIS
An etching by Haupers

As for Babbitt, no one who has lived and worked in a European city or in the international ports of the East where a good cross-section of white, prosperous, upper-middle class business men is to be found, will harbor any delusion that he is nurtured only in American soil. He is a universalist of all time and all places. The smug worship of material success, the reduction of all values to material terms, the exaltation of the "proved wisdom of experience," a certain sleekness and surface sophistication which are mistaken for the mark of the man of the world—these are no exclusively American traits. They are international, inter-racial. It is only that here they are unveneered, unmixed—in the pure, and, moreover, exultant.

Yet more, they are in America unresisted, irresistible and triumphant. The difference between Europe and America is that here Babbitt determines and fixes standards, values and ideals. The intellectual, the worker in ideas, the artist and the non-conforming individualist and skeptic are not only a protesting minority, they are misfits to be treated sometimes with kindly condescension and sometimes granted indulgence for their weaknesses. It is not their fault that they are as they are, but their influence must be guarded against as unhealthy and unmanly; un-American. In practice Babbitt is our arbiter, even if not in theory and profession. In our universities, for example, the humanistic ideal is held up to the student for emulation, though even there not so loudly in recent years. The student does the ideal lip-service but consciously or unconsciously he takes the higher Babbitts for his model. Their callings are "worth" following, their deeds worth doing. Others are for impractical dreamers.

Europe has its Babbitts, but they do not set standards and fix ideals. These are the expression of a culture which is the long and slow accumulation of the great creative achievements, the great ideas and the fructifying dreams and inspirations of a vast number of individuals, fostered by a vastly larger number of discriminating individuals and stamped by the slow verdict of the race as worthy of enduring and representing the best in the race. The

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Babbitts of Europe, as numerous as our own and much the same as our own, do not affect these standards. They have had no voice in their formulation and cannot tamper with them. They may and more often do live entirely outside them, but they are also conscious of them, recognize their worth and even seek to emulate them. No compromise is exacted of the discriminating to maintain their position in life. There, as here and everywhere, they do without most of life's goods, but in return they have not only satisfaction but a consciousness of esteem. From European universities emanate no apologetics for seeming to be "impractical," no elaborate demonstrations of the dollars-and-cents value of an appreciation of the arts or of the use of education in making profitable "contacts." They are not necessary. There is no need for defense. There is none to whom justification need be made.

In short, here the values of our civilization mirror Babbitt. In Europe he has not touched them. Plainly, the difference is a fundamental one.

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

IN A MUSEUM
An etching by John Sloan

To our own mutinous intellectuals this is explained entirely by our being a democracy, or rather by our lack of an aristocracy. It is a simple and satisfying explanation, too simple to be true. For one thing, it has a logical flaw in that it is comparing terms of two different orders, a fallacy committed also by many Europeans who weigh us and find us wanting. Instead of taking class with parallel class, the comparison is usually drawn between our average and Europe's best. The Englishman talks about our gutter-and-subway press, thinking of his *Times* and *Guardian* and *Observer*. He forgets the Sunday divorce and crime papers of London. Naturally, for he never sees them. Every cultivated person builds up his insulations in his own land and cleaves to that which his instincts, intellect and experience have found sympathetic. In a strange land he has no insulations, no prescribed circle, and he takes all as it comes within his observation. He generalizes about his own land from that which is within the limits set by his own insulations at home. He generalizes about the strange land from that which comes within his observation indiscriminately—and which he could observe also at home if he gave his observation equally free play. The rebellious American intellectual commits the same error. He compares the Ohio Babbitt, not with the Manchester, Dresden and Paris Babbitt but with that which is best in Europe, and naturally finds Ohio wanting.

Furthermore, the American intellectual, in search for explanations, has endowed the European aristocracy with qualities which European aristocrats would not claim, educated Europeans not recognize and European history never substantiate. Thus, to the lack of an aristocratic governing class is attributed the colossal failure of the American governing system. The failure is not disputed. If our private affairs were as much of a mess as our collective affairs, the American social system would have broken down long ago. But can one read the history of Europe in the last three hundred years, or, more particularly, the last thirty years, and say that the governance of Europe, which has been until very recent years a prerogative of the aristocracy, has been a conspicuous success, or a proof of effective functioning or capacity or intelligence—judged either by results or efficiency of operation or satisfactions yielded? Could there be a more ghastly failure or a more humiliating confession of inadequacy than that which bore fruit in 1914-1918 and the more dreary anti-climax of 1919? Could the most proletarian democracy bungle worse?

One may ask what evidence there is in history or in direct observation in Europe in this generation or the last that the aristocracy, as such, has contributed directly to cultural creativeness or has been necessarily personally cultured? That is a legend far more generally accepted in America than in European capitals where one sees and knows more of aristocrats. It is exceedingly doubtful whether most cultivated Europeans would even subscribe to it. As a matter of fact, when they hear Americans voice the legend, they usually giggle. The aristocracy—by which is conventionally meant the class with a long lineage—has "race," it has breeding, it knows intuitively the right thing in conduct and does it by reflex, but it has directly contributed very little to the higher achievements that in sum have made our culture. Those can be credited almost entirely to artists, intellectuals and dreamers, very few of whom have had breeding.

It is even doubtful whether a critical reading of history will support the contention that the aristocracy has been the conserver of European culture. Here may lie another familiar logical fallacy—*post hoc ergo propter hoc.* We know of rulers and noblemen who patronized artists—in both senses of the verb. We know of those who not

(Please Turn to Page 38)

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Litvinoff and Stimson

By T. R. YBARRA

IN THE hornet's-nest stirred up at Moscow when Secretary of State Stimson sent his note to the Russian government, reminding it, in connection with the Russo-Chinese conflict, of its obligations under the Kellogg Pact for the renunciation of war, most of the buzzing and stinging was done by Hornet Maxim Litvinoff, Acting Foreign Commissar.

For some time the world has heard little of Litvinoff. Stimson's prodding and the Bolshevik's irate reaction served to recall days of not so long ago, when the name of Litvinoff crept constantly into newspaper-headlines. It likewise served to make us realize that, in the intervening years, Litvinoff has lost none of his sting.

Stimson's note, according to him, amounted to "unjustifiable pressure" and, therefore, could not be taken by the Soviet government as a friendly act. And he went on, in an angry buzz:

"The Soviet government states further that the Paris Pact does not give any single state or group of states the function of protector of this pact. . . . The Soviet government cannot refrain from expressing amazement that the Government of the United States, which has no official relations with the Soviet, deems it possible to come to it with advice."

Secretary Stimson's reply, boiled down to its essentials, might be summed up as follows: "Tut, tut, hornet!" But, of course, it was couched in measured diplomatic language.

"Between co-signatories of the Pact of Paris," he told Litvinoff, "it can never be rightly thought unfriendly that one nation calls to the attention of another its obligations or the dangers to peace which from time to time arise. . . . The message of the American Government was sent not from unfriendly motives, but because this Government regards the Pact of Paris as a covenant which has profoundly modified the attitude of the world toward peace and because this Government intends to shape its own policy accordingly."

So angry were Litvinoff and the other hornets of Moscow at Secretary Stimson that it was some days before they could stop buzzing and return to their nest. The Soviet newspapers printed editorials inveighing furiously against Stimson and his country, and mass meetings were held all over Russia which adopted anti-American resolutions and poured them into Moscow.

"In the Soviet Union," said one editorial, "the imperialists see a mighty force shaking capitalistic stabilization. The most recent events in the Far East signify to the imperialists a chance to pass from passive hostility to direct provocation of war. The imperialist hypocrites bethought themselves of the Kellogg Pact only when Mukden, under the pressure of the Soviet Union's resolute policy, was forced to resort to a peaceful solution of the Russo-Chinese conflict. . . . The Soviet Union now knows that while the capitalistic world lasts there will be no end to attempts at imperialistic intervention."

THE TONE of Litvinoff's reply to Secretary Stimson and the Moscow press comment inspired by it has a familiar ring.

It takes one back to 1918, when Litvinoff was Bolshevik envoy to Great Britain—that is, not an envoy in the usually understood term of the word, but a sort of unofficial messenger, without credentials or standing, from the Bolshevik government, then in its infancy—to the British Government, which didn't know quite what to make of it as yet.

Litvinoff soon proved that, whatever he might not understand of the old diplomacy, he was more than conversant with the Soviet conception of the new diplomacy. Having been invited to make a speech at the British Labor Convention at Nottingham, he clambered upon the platform and advised the British workers assembled there in their thousands to lose no time in organizing a revolution against the British government and British traditions—to Bolshevize Britain, in short.

Very soon after that Lloyd George asked Litvinoff to leave England. He left.

His Nottingham speech was inspired entirely by the fact that he was a Communist, not in the least by dislike of England. For Litvinoff had spent a long time in England as an exile from his native land. He grew to like England; he learned English perfectly and married an English wife. But his liking for the England before his eyes could not dim the picture of a Communist England shining in his dreams. Hence the Nottingham speech.

In 1922 he had the satisfaction of being a member of the Russian delegation to Genoa and dealing, as a person of importance, with Lloyd George, the man who had booted him out of England.

Before that he had enjoyed a brief bath of limelight as head of the Soviet delegation which came to an agreement at Riga with Herbert Hoover's American Relief Association regarding the supplying of American food to Russian victims of the great famine of 1921. Before agreement was reached there were some lively passages between the Hooverites and the Russians and more than once it looked as if negotiations would be broken off and the starving people of Russia left to their fate.

On one occasion a member of the American delegation, losing all patience with Litvinoff's haggling and objections, snapped:

"After all, Mr. Litvinoff, all we are trying to do is to send food into Russia."

"But food is a weapon!" he retorted.

Maxim Litvinoff is a strange blend of rough-neck and intellectual. He has a gruff voice; he is fat, red-faced, unprepossessing. Yet, when he speaks, he immediately gives evidence of high culture, wide reading, thorough knowledge of the world.

For years he has been qualifying himself for his present post of Acting Foreign Commissar. As far back as 1924 he was in charge of the Western Department of the Moscow Foreign Office, which included supervision (under Foreign Minister Tchicherin) of relations between the Soviet and United States Governments. Now that Tchicherin is incapacitated, Litvinoff sits at the helm in the Moscow Foreign Office and guides the Soviet ship of state through the turbulent waters of its international relations. His conception of what those relations should be is well indicated by his hornet-like emergence from his nest to do battle with Secretary Stimson. "Buzz, buzz!"

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Long Skirts and the Waltz

By LOUIS H. CHALIF

A new dance is sure to follow the new feminine styles and it may be a version of the dreamy waltz. M. Chalif, who founded the Chalif School of Russian Dancing in New York City hopes, at all events, that long skirts will bring reforms, that people will now dance "with erect and noble bearing." Clothes vitally affect the dance — no one "could dance like a goddess when dressed in rompers."

I AM IN favor of longer skirts—but not too long—especially for dancing. They look so pretty swaying and swirling. A skirt seems to do a dance of its own, like a lovely echo of dancing feet. The long ballet skirt, of which the Russians are so fond, is the ideal of a skirt that dances. Its rhythmical rise and fall seems to blend and soften the movements of the dance. The whirling skirt of the Nautch girls is another skirt that dances. Even in every-day walking the swing of a skirt seems to create a grace of its own.

Or perhaps it is the consciousness of a graceful skirt that makes the walk graceful. For clothes have an immeasurably strong influence on women, and men too. Just as surely as we are what we eat, we feel ourselves to be what we wear. Clothes influence the way we walk, stand or sit, and affect our manners, mannerisms and even what we say. It stands to reason that they affect our dancing too.

To be well dressed brings assurance and with it freedom and ease of movement. Can one imagine a man walking jauntily and swinging a cane if his clothes were shabby and his heels run down? Or can one imagine a woman dressed in last year's style, walking with stately grace across a ballroom floor?

From considering walking we come naturally to dancing, which is only a more animated way of walking. Here we almost always find perfect sympathy between dancing and dress. The most striking example is found in the exhibition dancer, who cannot possibly enter into the spirit of her dance unless wearing the proper costume for it. In her practice costume she is only pretending, but as soon as the appropriate costume is donned, she feels the way she looks and out come all the mannerisms and expressions that belong with the dance. No one in the world could dance like a goddess when dressed in rompers.

In all parts of the world through all the ages the dance, the costume, and of course the music of each nation were in perfect harmony with one another. There was unity of design, movement and sound, for all three grew together

Short skirts were almost as bad

and grew slowly. The Egyptians wore stiff looking clothing and danced in curious angles. The Greeks dressed in flowing robes made out of a simple piece of uncut cloth, and danced with utter naturalness. In the courts of France, they wore heavy brocade, restricted their waists, and danced with stately reserve. In Spain, they dressed in close fitting bodices and swirling skirts and danced with sinuous grace. From Bohemia, where they wore so many petticoats, distended ballet-like, came the polka, that tripping, jumpy, dainty dance. In Russia they wear many heavy garments and dance vigorously to keep warm; while in the Orient they undress and dance langorously to keep cool. And so on through all the world there is an ever present harmony. Clothing and dancing are surely meant to be alike.

In social dancing too, there has almost always been harmony between costume and dance. In general, as dress has become less formal, dancing has become less stately, though there are exceptions to this rule. It was not until after the voluminous, heavy brocade of the French court had given way to the freer Directoire costume that the quadrille and later the waltz came in. But the transition in dancing was not as abrupt as in costume. The gavotte with its delicate dignity lingered as a last echo of that great age of graceful, stately dancing, which will never come again.

When the jumpy "round" dances were in vogue, such as the polka, schottische and many others which succeeded one another over a long period, I cannot truthfully say that there was harmony between costume and dance. Hoop skirts and bustles certainly do not lend themselves, gracefully to "jumpy" dances, though in the lancers they were suitable. I lay this discrepancy in dance and costume to the lack of interest in dancing at the time, and to the commonplace, tinkly, jingly music, which held nothing of real interest to spur dancing on. And when in my own country in olden times ladies and gentlemen used to dance the vigorous mazurka in stately, magnificent costume, I lay the blame on that Russian vigor which cannot be downed.

WHEN I CAME to America, people were still dancing the two-step and a slow waltz, and dancing heavily and slowly, lagging far behind the music. I believe that this was because the ladies could not keep up with the music in their long, voluminous, heavily trained skirts. Then came the world revolution in dancing, ushered in perhaps by the hobble skirt and perhaps by the turkey trot. They came approximately together at any rate. I am inclined to blame it on the hobble skirt, for if a lady's feet are tied so that they cannot dance, other parts of her will dance, and they did—the shoulders and hips. The original turkey trot consisted of very short steps and very ample body movements. The steps but not the spirit came from the hobble skirt. For a while we had the curious phenomenon of women dressed like moderns and dancing like Hottentots.

No, the spirit of this dance did not come from the costume; it came from the music, which came from the Africans, who got it from nature. The ladies did not intentionally commit this blunder of inappropriate costume; but they had to wear what they had on when the dance overtook them. To be sure they could not have worn the appropriate costume, which would be no more than some strings of beads and maybe a few feathers. The spirit of the dance they all seemed to understand, however. It was something that could not be resisted. Every one was swept off their feet, or rather onto their feet, and into the stream of gyrating dancers. Every one who could walk began to dance, mothers and even grandmothers not excepted. No doubt it was the primitive woman in them all who responded.

But presently—after a mercifully short time—they stopped gyrating be-

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cause they shocked each other so. The sight of civilized clothes doing barbaric dances was unbearable. They had not realized their breach of etiquette; they were just being natural. But when some one said to them, "This is a civilized era; this is no time to be natural," they saw the truth of it at once and discontinued the primitive dance of their own accord.

At least they partially discontinued it. They suppressed it and changed its name to one step and learned to do it in a ladylike way with body movements so slight as to be more felt than seen. No woman could give it up entirely, once she had tried it. But I doubt if any lady realizes that whenever she jazzes even ever so little she is still doing the primitive dance.

Old Print, Culver Service

The age of graceful, stately dancing

Presently there was a change of fashion in clothes and feet were released, at least partially, by a split in the lower part of the skirt. All at once dance steps became very elaborate and difficult, even violent. There were swift turnings with sudden dips in which the dancers almost knelt on one knee. Perhaps the advent of the first Russian dancers at this time, as well as the split skirt, accounts for the wave of interest in complicated steps and physical feats. There were beautiful dances in those days—the maxixe, the tango, the canter-waltz and many others.

The prevailing costume was not yet adequate for these dances, but the young ladies *would* do them, even if they came home with their skirts in ribbons, as they frequently did. For the lady, poor thing, had to be athletic if her partner was. If he dipped, she had to dip too and take the consequences, which was usually no more than a long silk stocking slipping out from beneath a clinging skirt. We all remember that curious sight. We were not as familiar with silk stockings then as we are now.

It was after skirts became shorter that the "toddle" came in, that jerky way of dancing that has no dignity whatever. And when skirts were shorter still, the Charleston came, with its energetic twistings and liftings of the feet. This boyish, jolly dance could not possibly have entered the ballroom if skirts had been long. It would have been sent to the kitchen instead or remained with the Africans residing in Charleston. Now, it seems to me, the social dance is already yielding to the increased sweep of skirt (or those filmy nothings that float around under the name of skirt). Dancing has slowed down and there is a langorous swaying that is in harmony with the flowing skirt.

Men are influenced by the women's clothes. Haven't the women always known this and dressed with great care accordingly? The man can only do what he can make his partner do. Then, too, there is great sympathy between them. If no more than their hands are joined they strongly influence each other in movement and style. And since she is strongly influenced by dress and he is strongly influenced by her (because he is always thinking of her when dancing), it is very plain that her clothes affect the dance.

But what a woman can or cannot do in dancing depends largely upon how comfortable she is in her clothes. If small waists come into fashion again, which will mean tight lacing, I can predict quite a change in dancing, due to shortness of breath in the better half of each dancing couple. This subject of waists is a very interesting one. We have been taking it for granted during the last twenty years or so that all ladies had waists. With the belt worn around the ribs at times and again around the hips, we naturally supposed that somewhere in between was a waist. But now with the belt worn at the waist-line itself, the truth whether or not that waist exists is revealed. They cannot fool us any more except by resorting to a corset.

This new stiff corset that now threatens would be a dangerous enemy to free and graceful dancing, since it would strike at the very source of a dancer's strength and endurance—her breath. The corsets of the last twenty years, if worn at all, have been harmless affairs, because they only suppressed the hips.

If women submit to imprisonment again, it might lead back to simple, standardized steps such as prevailed in the corseted age, because women would no longer be pliant and easy to lead. It is very noticeable that with freedom for the woman's breath came freedom in the choice of steps. For the first time in the history of dancing man has been improvising with a partner. The one-step, canter-waltz and fox trot are all capable of infinite variation, while in the dances that came before them the only choice was in turning to the right or to the left.

I myself do not believe that woman will ever again allow herself to be enslaved in long skirts and tight corsets, after breathing the breath of freedom for so long. Yet I do not entirely trust even the most sensible of women not to yield to this tyrant, Fashion. It will be interesting to see whether she does

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yield or not. If she does there will surely be a new dance to go with the restricted costume. But even if she does not, I believe that there will be a new dance anyway, because the time has come for it.

A RADICALLY different dance comes every twenty years or so, and one is due now. All dances come and go except the waltz. That we have had for more than one hundred years, and we will have it always, for it seems to have beautiful life of its own, independent of fad and fashion. It is like a strain of poetry that we cannot forget. It is a bit of our best selves that does not desert us no matter how futile or unworthy our behavior may be.

I do not pretend to say what this next dance will be like. Only one thing I am sure of; it will be different from anything that has been before. No dance will ever come back. History may repeat, but dancing and fashions never. The precious gown that is put away in a trunk for possible future wear will never be taken out except to wear as a curiosity at a fancy dress ball. And the man who was the admired prince of dancers in his youth will be considered the prince of clowns when he exhibits the same choice steps before his grandchildren. "How queerly people used to dance," they will say. Can any one imagine what the flapper's grandchildren will say when she shows them the Charleston! What seems natural this year would be silly next year or silly last year. Henry Ford with all his millions could not bring the country dances back, and no one could hire a woman to wear a defunct style either.

The new dance will be an innovation, a surprise and not an outgrowth of what we have in social dances now, and it will be in harmony with our dress style, whatever that may be. Some one's feet will stumble on to a new step. I believe that the new dance will be better than what we have had recently, and I base my hope on the knowledge that it could not be worse.

Keystone

THE ERA OF THE HOBBLE SKIRT
Irene and Vernon Castle in one of the complicated steps of the period

Where will the new dance come from? The last great innovation, the turkey trot, came from California, but it is not one of the things they boast of. Since dance history does not repeat itself, the new dance cannot come from California. And Charleston has had its turn. No one expects it to come from Boston. I think that it might arise from the queer cubistic dancing lately brought over from Europe, which is the newest nore in stage dancing. The cubistic in art has influenced everything else—dress, music, interior decorations, buildings—why should it not in time cast its influence over social dancing too?

I know very well what I hope for in the new dance. I do not care what the steps may be if only the atmosphere is spiritual instead of animal. We have had enough of animal behavior. People have been dancing like monkeys, walking like kangaroos, hugging like bunnies, and looking like poor fish most of the time. The best dancers have been wearing a sick calf expression, or when doing their utmost, a dying calf expression. Now I object to their even dancing like perfectly well calves. I want them to rise on their hind legs and dance like men, with erect and noble bearing, like the sons and daughters of God. And being human I want them to dance like the best of humans—the cultured class—not as savages or our own gum-chewers would dance. I want the new dance to spring from the higher class of society, where good manners exist, so that people will look like ladies and gentlemen when they dance, and I want the dance to appeal to the aesthetic sense as the waltz does, rather than to appeal exclusively to the rhythmic sense as do the present day contortions. When a dance is evolved that has this aesthetic appeal then dancing will be an art as well as a pastime, but we shall still rejoice in rhythm as much as ever.

In the meantime something new is on the way, whatever it may be. I am expectantly awaiting it. There are so many new things under the sun,—new styles, new music, young people. The new dance may be born any moment.

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Humbugging the Taxpayer

By WILLIAM PICKETT HELM

Since 1923, according to the official figures, income tax reductions have totaled $1,163,000,000. The latest brings a further cut of $166,000,000. Yet the total of income taxes collected has increased by $653,000,000. Mr. Helm, a former Washington correspondent, examines this paradox

FIVE TIMES since 1923 has the ever interesting Secretary of the Treasury delighted the nation with his song of tax reduction. A hardy perennial, Mr. Mellon has been singing the song since 1921. Reduction is a pleasant palliative to those in pain of taxes; his audience has not tired. Five times within the past five years Mr. Mellon has appeared on the financial stage to waft, in golden notes, his anthem through the land. Every appearance was a hit; every song a wow.

The latest reduction, just approved by Congress, is doubly dramatic in its timeliness. It seems, indeed, patterned and sewed together to clothe a naked need newly risen from the collapse of the stock market. One hundred and sixty-six million dollars is its estimated extent. Mr. Mellon himself, fortified by the findings of his actuary, has announced the measurement.

It has become Mr. Mellon's habit to measure the size of his recurring tax reduction proposals and their subsequent enactment, however altered, just as it has become his pleasant habit to propose the reduction in the first place. Beginning with the tax revision of 1924, he has made five such measurements of reduction. Each has been of generous dimensions; the total of the first four is fairly staggering. More than a billion dollars, his reckoning discloses, had been clipped off the nation's annual Federal income tax bill up to the recent day he announced his fifth proposal. To be exact, his total stood at $1,163,000,000. The latest proposal would swell that figure by $166,000,000, making the round total $1,329,000,000.

Such is the amount by which the various Mellon plans are said to have lifted the income tax burden of the American people. A goodish figure, it betokens care and economy in the national outgo. If Mr. Mellon's various plans as modified have reduced taxes by a billion and a third, obviously the Government is spending a billion and a third less. A comforting thought that deserves further analysis—it leads us to the Treasury ledgers to make acquaintance with the cheering details.

But first let us make sure of our ground. We visit the archives and there select Mr. Mellon's annual report for 1928 from which we quote the official measure of the various tax reductions as they are cited over the Mellon signature. In Mr. Mellon's words we read that these reductions were as follows:

Revenue Act of 1924, $519,000,000
Revenue Act of 1926, 422,000,000
Revenue Act of 1928, 222,000,000

We add the total, check it against our first figure, find we were correct, and pass on to the Treasury ledgers.

We understand that the income tax has been reduced $1,163,000,000 since 1923—so we tell the custodian of the ledgers—how about it? How much income tax did the Government collect in 1923, and how much in 1929? The figures are placed before us. We look at the official record of tax collections. And it reads:

1923, $1,678,000,000
1929, 2,331,000,000

That can't be right. We look again. It is right. Thus, having learned that Federal income taxes were cut by $1,163,000,000 we also learn that they were increased by $653,000,000. We try, somewhat befogged, to reconcile the conflicting figures.

At length the answer appears. The rate of taxation has been lowered, but the amount of taxes collected by the Government has increased. Reductions have been made in the rates alone; in revenue to maintain the Government, the American people deposited more, by nearly 40 per cent, in the public treasury in 1929 than they deposited in 1923.

Rates, yes; they certainly have been lowered. In 1923 the Government's maximum tax on a rich man's income amounted to more than fifty per cent; in 1929 the maximum was less than twenty-five per cent. The cut in rates is fully one-half, fifty per cent. But in actual money taken from the taxpayers, the Government hasn't remitted a single buffalo nickel for seven years and more. The record shows it collected $1.40 in income taxes in 1929 for every dollar it collected in 1923.

In other words, yes and no. Lower rates and a larger total collection; such is the secret of the Mellon wizardry which has masqueraded under the guise of tax reduction. Reduction, indeed, in levies on individual members of the national family, but an increase in the levy on the national family as a whole. An increase of $653,000,000 since 1923. If Mr. Mellon's advertised reductions of $1,163,000,000 had been real and substantial instead of ethereal; if they had made their mark at face value on the Government's ledgers, the actual record of tax collections in 1929 would have been only $515,000,000.

IF THE ADVERTISED reductions had been reductions in the amount collected from the nation instead of a mere lowering in individual and corporation rates and a redistributing of the tax, there would be no income tax whatever levied today on individuals. There would be no need for it to produce revenue of $515,000,000; a corporation rate of five per cent—as compared with eleven per cent in the latest Mellon proposal—would provide the $515,000,000 with a handsome margin to spare. In other words, had the reductions been real and not sham, no man, woman or child in America would pay an income tax to the Federal Government today; and the corporations would be paying less than half of what they actually are paying. That is what a real income tax reduction of $1,163,000,000 would have brought about.

As it has not been brought about, it obviously follows that there has been no real reduction of $1,163,000,000, or, in fact, any other sum. Wholly to the contrary, there has been a recorded increase of $653,000,000. Coolidge economy, reduction in the cost of Government, curtailment of Government activity, fewer workers on Federal pay rolls—these were the stern stuff, the nation has been reminded often, of which tax reductions were made.

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We took the stern stuff. We went in for Coolidge economy. We rejoiced that Government expenses were being reduced. From time to time we heard that public servants were diminishing. And so on. With what objective? Tax reduction. With what result? Tax increase; $653,000,000 of it.

The case against the sham of tax reduction well might rest on those figures, were it not that even more surprises are brought to light as we delve into the details of Government finances during the past seven years. Who pays the increased tax? First of all, the individual taxpayers of the nation. The men and women who send their returns to the Federal collectors every March. The record is eloquent on the subject of their increased taxes. Here, in official figures, are what the individual taxpayers paid in 1923 and again in 1929:

1923, $ 663,000,000
1929, 1,095,000,000

The difference between those figures is $432,000,000. Four times since 1923, not including the latest Mellon plan, have income taxes been "reduced." And the net result of the four "reductions" has been to increase individual income tax payments by $432,000,000. Such "reductions" remind one of what Mr. Babe Ruth was wont to say sometimes when stumped by interviewers: "It's the bunk."

Several more such tax "reductions" and we will surpass the heavy wartime imposts. Several, did I say? A mistake; one more such "reduction" and the individual taxpayers of the United States will be paying into the Federal treasury as much as they paid during the World War. Here is what the individual taxpayers paid in 1918; also what they paid in 1929:

1918, $1,127,000,000
1929, 1,095,000,000

These official figures show that the income tax collected by the Government from individuals in 1929 fell short by only $32,000,000 of the collections in 1918, at the height of the World War. Three per cent less than in 1918—that is the real measure of Federal income tax collections from individuals. Three dollars on the hundred. Such is the actual reduction recorded on the treasury books, the five Mellon tax "reductions" notwithstanding.

There is a factor in this situation, however, that should be made entirely clear in justice to those who claim taxes have been reduced substantially. That factor relates to the number of individuals paying the tax. It has been radically reduced; there is no disguising or mistaking it. In 1923 the number of individual taxpayers was nearly 7,700,000 and in 1929 it was approximately 2,500,000.

More than five million men and women have been excused, under the various Mellon plans as modified, from paying any Federal income tax at all. For them, tax reduction has been real and substantial. Five million votes can so attest on any ballot. Reduction in those cases has meant elimination.

What of the two and one-half million who remain on the tax rolls? Far less satisfactory, the record indicates. For in 1923 the *average* collected by the Government from the individual taxpayer was about $86, whereas in 1929 it had risen to about $438, or a four-fold increase. According to the record, the man with, say, $50,000 income has received only meagre benefits since 1926 when last surtaxes were lowered. He benefited almost none at all by the 1928 "reduction" and the latest Mellon plan will benefit him by about two per cent.

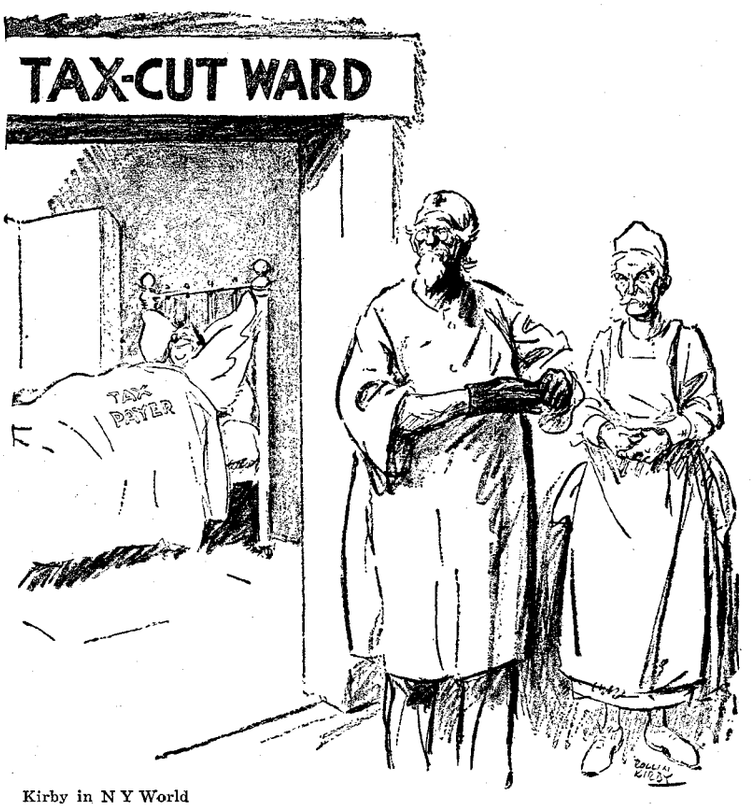
No wonder the $50,000 man isn't cheering the latest "reduction" plan. It means virtually nothing in his life. He hasn't had a real tax thrill since 1926, or for nearly four years, and none is in prospect. This class knows quite well the sham of the latest tax "reductions." So does another big class: the stockholders in American corporations.

Corporations paid $783,000,000 income tax in 1922; in 1929, they paid $1,235,000,000. The latter sum was about three-fourths of what they paid in 1921, before the first reduction in rates had lowered the war time tax burden.

The latest Mellon plan throws a crumb to the corporations. Hereafter, under the plan, they need pay a tax of not one dollar out of every eight but one dollar out of every nine. That is what the 3,000,000 men and woman who have invested their savings in stocks may expect in the way of tax reduction.

Negatively, no one decries the lowering in tax rates. That has been accomplished and every taxpayer has felt the benefit in great or small measure. The effect has been stimulating, tonic. Constructively, tax terminology needs revision. Reduction means lessening in amount and there has been no lessening in amount since 1923. There has been an increase; substantial, robust.

Isn't it about time to quit calling it tax "reduction"? About time to take the bull out of bullion flowing in ever-widening stream from taxpayer to the Federal treasury?



Kirby in N Y World

"Patient doing splendidly"

43595

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The Trend of Events

Rail Consolidation

THE INTERSTATE Commerce Commission frankly did not want the job of consolidating the country's railroads which was given to it in the transportation (Esch-Cummins) act of 1920. It has often grimaced sourly in plain sight of Congress. More, it has asked Congress either to suggest a general basis for a plan of consolidation or to relieve the commissioners of the stiff task so jauntily imposed on them. Concluding at last that Congress would have neither eyes nor ears for its appeals, the Commission evolved the plan which became its Christmas gift to the railroads.

The evolution of the plan was not accomplished without toil and trouble. In the early years of their effort the commissioners handed the consolidation job to Professor Ripley of Harvard, but failed to endorse his product. Somewhat later, Eastern railroaders put their heads together and worked out a four-system plan for their territory, which was opposed by the Pennsylvania, but approved by the New York Central, the Baltimore & Ohio, and the Nickel Plate. Since then, merger plans have come thick and fast.

The plan finally worked out calls for twenty-one systems, each given the key name of the principal road or roads, two of them involving roads in Canada. The nuclei around which the systems are built is indicated by their titles—for example, Boston & Maine, New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Chicago & Northwestern, Union Pacific, Santa Fe. An unexpected feature is the recommendation of five systems in the East.

The report is not the last word. The Commission declares that it will reopen the plan for intelligent modification and no doubt worthy amendments will be numerous. On whether the Commission can compel the roads to accept its plan there seems to be sharp difference of opinion, but it is generally agreed that it will not act without receiving directions from Congress. The possibilities of dispute among the Commission, Congress, and the carriers are endless. The House and the Senate have been furnished with material for many a week's debate.

North Carolina Trials

SHERIFF ADKINS'S eight deputy sheriffs have been acquitted of slaying six textile strikers during the Marion mill riot on October 2. The jury accepted their plea of justifiable force, their statement that they shot only after being shot at. State Solicitor Pless has intimated that charges of rioting, though not those of dynamiting, against members of the union may be quashed. Marion's flurry of strike trials, therefore, appears to be drawing to an end.

The other major trial, that of Alfred Hoffman and three associates, resulted several weeks ago in a verdict of guilty (with a recommendation of mercy) of rioting and not guilty of resisting officers. Hoffman was fined $1,000 and given thirty days in the county jail, the others were sentenced to six months on the public roads. It may be recalled that this case followed the acquittal of the same four defendants on a short-lived charge of rebellion and insurrection against the State.

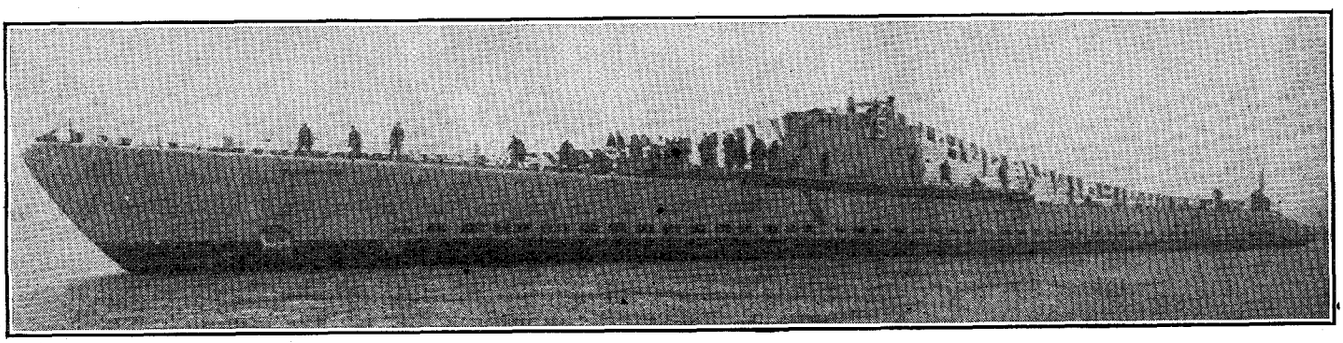
A review of recent trials developing from southern textile troubles suggests that, where it is a question of the mills vs. the unions, the mills generally win. To be sure, the Hoffman cases bear witness that defendants occasionally are not punished to the fullest possible extent. So does the Gastonia case, in which but seven of the original sixteen strike leaders were tried and sentenced, though those seven were promptly found guilty on three counts. In the Concord trial of four men charged with flogging a Communist organizer, the defendants were as promptly acquitted. Moreover, the Gaston County Grand Jury, which had hastened to indict the sixteen defendants, refused to indict any one for the kidnapping in Gastonia preceding the flogging in Concord, or for the murder of Ella May Wiggins. It is due solely to Governor Gardner that fourteen persons have been bound over in connection with this killing for trial in January.

To all appearances, North Carolina judges are remarkably fair, prosecutors are active on both sides of the fence, jurors listen patiently to the evidence. But somehow, when the smoke of battle has cleared away, it is usually the mill faction, and not the strike faction, which is found on top.

Before the Conference

IT IS ALWAYS darkest before the dawn of a disarmament conference. Any one who goes looking for reasons for pessimism will find them aplenty before the London conference opens on January 21.

Here, for example, is Japan, intimating through her delegates who recently visited Washington that she must have 70 per cent of the American cruiser total; that she certainly can ac-



Acme

NAVY'S NEWEST
The Diesel-Engined V-5 recently launched at Portsmouth, New Hampshire

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cept no less in the class of big, 10,000-ton cruisers; that she can no longer stand on the 60 per cent level (as compared with the British-American 100 per cent level) which she agreed upon in 1922 for capital ships.

Here is Britain, threatened with the possible downfall of a Ministry, now that the minority MacDonald Government has proved itself unable to force through its coal-mines bill with more than eight votes to spare. Here is the United States, agreeing with Britain that submarines should be abolished, yet, confident that they will not be, rushing plans for a sister ship to the recently-completed V-5, one of the most powerful submarines in existence.

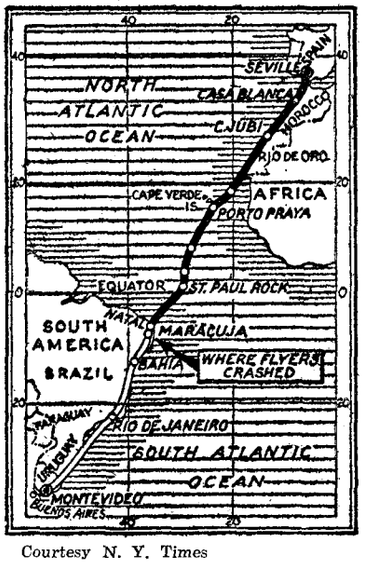
Here, again, is Italy, demanding parity with France, though she knows how unlikely she is to get it. Here is France, contending that land, sea, and air armaments are interdependent, and taking the position, which may prove troublesome, that any conclusion reached at London must be ratified under League of Nations auspices at Geneva.

These are but a few of the many reasons for gloom. Yet to state them is merely to emphasize the well-known fact that disarmament is one of the most perplexing, as well as pressing, problems before the world. In the period just before an international meeting the forthcoming difficulties and the maximum demands of the powers, from which they usually recede, become disproportionately prominent. Once a conference is a few days old, it is surprising how quickly kinks are straightened out whenever there is—as there appears to be in this case—a genuine will to straightened them.

▸▸*The Week's Birdmen*

THE GIGANTIC HOP from Italy to Brazil by Captain Ferrarin and Major Del Prete in July, 1928, spurred other aviators to go the Italians one better. Captain Coste of France has gone them two better. The International Aeronautic Federation has just accepted his figure of 4,910 miles—Ferrarin and Del Prete made about 4,700 miles—for his September 27-29 flight from Paris to Manchuria. Back in France, he again beat the Italian record by flying about 5,015 miles over a triangular course laid out above three French cities.

Other recent efforts to break the Ferrarin-Del Prete record resulted in the death of two fliers and the injury of two others. The projected 6,000-mile London-to-Cape Town flight of the two British Royal Air Force aviators, Jenkins and Jones-Williams, ended in a crash, fatal to both, against an African mountain. The projected flight of Pilots Challe of France and Larre Borges of Uruguay from Seville, Spain, to Montevideo, capital of the latter's native country, ended far away from its destination, near Natal, in Northeastern Brazil. Like many other trans-ocean flights, their hop, the third to be made without a stop from Europe to South America, lost something in



Courtesy N. Y. Times

THE ROUTE ACROSS

Where Seville-to Montevideo airmen ended their flight

impressiveness by reason of its perilous forced landing.

A striking feature of the Coste and Challe-Larre Borges flights is the imperturbability with which they were noted by the average American. Possibly they left him cold simply because they were begun and ended so far away. But there may be more to it than that. What with the Graf Zeppelin circling the world in four strides, what with the three-decked, twelve-motored Dornier DO-X taking up 169 persons at a sitting, what with endurance fliers refueling and enduring until called down for that semi-annual trip to the dentist—what with things like these happening all around him, the average man seems to be losing his capacity for amazement over high deeds aloft. What he wants to know now is not which pilot broke what record, but whether airplane transportation is cheap and safe enough for him to take a plane, instead of a train, on his next long business or pleasure trip.

▸▸*Salary-grab-bag*

IT WOULD BE NICE and Christmassy, thought the city officials of New York, to give the city officials of New York a rise in pay. So they did. It was hardly more complicated than that. The Aldermanic branch of the Municipal Assembly approved the proposal with enthusiasm; so did the Board of Estimate branch; so did Mayor Walker. There was only one hitch. The Aldermen, now paid about $100 for one day's work a week, failed to get $150. It's said John F. Curry, leader of Tammany Hall, put his foot down, foreseeing a rush by the 125,000 other city employees for salary increases in proportion

Under the new bills the Mayor will be paid $40,000 a year, instead of $25,000; i.e., his salary will be $20,000 more than that of Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court, instead of $5,000 more. The City Controller's salary jumps from $25,000 a year to $35,000; i.e., he will receive three and a half times as much as Senator Norris of Nebraska. The President of the Board of Aldermen will collect $25,000, instead of $15,000, a year; i.e., $15,000 more than Senator Reed of Pennsylvania. The five borough presidents will no longer pocket $15,000, but $20,000; i.e., $5,000 more than Secretary of State Stimson.

Here, surely, is a mark for officials of other cities to shoot at. But let them not be reckless. Let them follow the New York lead and do their salary-grabbing a month after election, secure in the conviction that most of the electorate will have forgotten all about it when it again comes time to vote.

▸▸*Farmer and Grain Dealer*

SOONER OR LATER, the Federal Farm Board was bound to anger the grain dealers. The Board is frankly trying to put more money into the farmer's pocket. The money can only be obtained by taking it from some one else, and the dealer is an obvious victim. The law prescribes that the Board shall establish co-operative associations to assume the commission merchant's function of buying and selling the grain of the individual farmer. The theory is

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that the farmer will get the profits that hitherto have been responsible for enriching the dealer.

That the grain dealers are up in arms indicates that the theory promises to work. In their behalf, the United States Chamber of Commerce adopted a resolution favoring co-operative marketing "only so far as it does not discriminate against other business enterprises." In more detail, its chairman, Julius H. Barnes, explained to the Senate Lobby Committee that he disapproved lending public money to co-operatives at 3½ per cent while independent grain dealers must pay 6 per cent.

Replying to Mr. Barnes's intimation that the Board had agreed to charge the co-operatives the same rate charged to the dealers, Chairman Legge made emphatic denial. He dismissed the Chamber's resolution by declaring that, "even if it does trouble the business waters," the Board will pursue its co-operative program. Long regarded suspiciously by farmers, Mr. Legge is now endearing himself by belittling speculators who traffic in "pink tickets" rather than wheat and whose only equipment for dealing in grain is a "shiny top desk."

The antagonism between farmer and commission merchant is ancient. "Eliminate the middleman" was a potent battle-cry in the days of Populism. He was never eliminated, but for the first time he appears to be threatened. How strange that the grain dealers now seem to represent the "rugged individualism" which the Administration so admires, while the organized farmers suggest the monopolies, if not the "state socialism," which it so sternly opposes.

▶▶*At the Vatican*

EVER SINCE the Lateran Treaties were signed, things have been humming at the Vatican. Official ceremonies, sealing and re-sealing the new amity between Church and State, have kept foreign correspondents busy describing the always-attendant pomp and color.

Thus, shortly after the reception of the Italian rulers and their children at the Vatican, came the beatification of more than a hundred English martyrs, the culmination of a long process of investigation dating from the middle of the Nineteenth Century. Of a group of 300 priests and laymen put to death for their faith from the time of Henry VIII to the reign of Charles II, requisite proof of martyrdom and of the minimum number of miracles has thus far been found for 136. Their beatification has long been sought by English Catholics.

Almost immediately thereafter, with similarly spectacular rites, Pius XI held a secret consistory for the purpose of creating six new Cardinals; this was followed by a public consistory a few days later. The climax of the week was reached the following day, when the Pontiff surprised the world, broke a tradition, and made a bit of history by his unannounced pilgrimage to the basilica of St. John Lateran in Rome. For the first time since 1870 a Pope had set foot outside Vatican territory. A day later brilliant ceremonies were again in order as Pius XI celebrated the 50th anniversary of his first mass.

Eventful days, all these. As news sources they would sink into unimportance, however, should any basis appear for one persistent though unsubstantiated rumor. This is that the Pontiff plans to pay personal visits, not only to various parts of Italy, but to a number of European capitals and to the United States.

Acme

ROYALTY AT VATICAN

Italy's King and Queen outside the papal apartment on their recent visit to Pius XI

▶▶*Hollywood Mystery*

FEW PEOPLE can forget a murder committed in a lavishly-furnished Hollywood bungalow. The possibility that a solution is at hand for the seven-year-old Taylor mystery is bound to create widespread interest.

William Desmond Taylor, motion picture director, was found murdered the night of February 1, 1922. He was about forty years old. One suspect, Edward Sands, Taylor's valet and secretary, disappeared after the murder and has never been found. Two others, Mabel Normand, then at the height of her career, and Mary Miles Minter, were exonerated. After four years of investigation, Asa Keyes, then District Attorney, announced the inquiry closed.

Now it cracks open again. Former-Governor Friend W. Richardson of California, if he has been correctly quoted, has declared that he knows who murdered Taylor, that he has known all along, and that it was a motion picture actress. He offered his evidence to the Los Angeles Grand Jury shortly after the killing, he says, but it was refused on the ground that either Keyes or one of his deputies would be in the jury room and that, before any one could be tried, important witnesses would be "spirited away, bribed, or murdered."

Former-District Attorney Keyes, who is in jail just now for accepting bribes while in office, has contented himself with suggesting that the ex-Governor may have political reasons for bringing up the Taylor case. However that may be, the present District Attorney, Buron Fitts, has announced that his office has been investigating the matter for nearly a year, and that only one link is needed to bring about the indictment of the murderer.

There is little doubt that the country wishes the mystery would be solved. It has the fantastic flavor of everything that comes out of Hollywood. After seven years, however, there is perhaps less public interest in the possibility that grim justice may be done than

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in the possibility that the newspapers may carry an absorbing yarn.

▶▶*Charting Social Trends*

As a twin to the Committee on Recent Economic Changes, which reported a few months ago, Mr. Hoover has appointed a committee to discover recent social changes, tabulate them, and map out social trends. The chairman of the second group, Professor Mitchell of Columbia University, was a member of the first. Other members are Charles E. Merriam and William F. Ogburn of the University of Chicago, Howard W. Odum of the University of North Carolina, a leading sociologist of the South, and Shelby M. Harrison of the Russell Sage Foundation.

It is an interesting assignment, and one which should produce a valuable body of fact. The committee will study the American people, their jobs, the insides of their houses, what they do evenings and holidays, what they learn in school, what they think of their neighbors, what is wrong with their health, and so on. It may even track down that slippery spectre, the average American, so long pursued by novelists with kodaks and fountain pens. It will consider the effects of modern life, modern economic developments, and modern inventions. It will concern itself with institutional expansion needed to deal with modern problems of maladjustment.

The report will be eagerly awaited. It is satisfying to note that the committeemen are not merely trained technicians but also practiced writers. The chances appear good that they will avoid the mistake of many research workers; that, instead of submitting neat, conscientious, and soporific pages filled with sub-heads and Roman numerals, they will work out a report which is not only authoritative but readable. With their own backgrounds, and with funds from the Rockefeller Foundation at their disposal, they have a rare opportunity to produce a document of the first importance. If they can do for the country at large such a piece of analysis as Robert S. and H. M. Lynd and their associates did for a single community in "Middletown," Mr. Hoover, in this one committee, will have justified all his others.

▶▶*Promises to Pay*

Ratification by the Senate of the debt settlement with France makes the United States a happy creditor with IOU's transformed into good, sound promissory notes. Of the nineteen nations to which the United States lent money during and immediately after the War, almost all have agreed to pay off their obligations regularly and on the dot. Only Russia declines even to admit that she owes anything.

More than $1,000,000,000 has already been paid on the debts, with $22,000,000,000 still to come. The French share is $4,025,000,000, plus about $3,000,000,000, representing interest at 2.17 per cent. Although

Bachrach

CHIEF RESEARCHER

Professor Wesley C. Mitchell heads council to investigate social trends

France put off ratifying the settlement for more than three years, the terms she was granted are far easier than those granted to Great Britain, which has agreed to pay $4,600,000,000 in principal and about $6,500,000,000 in interest. The smallest debtors—Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Rumania, Poland, Estonia, Finland, Latvia, and Lithuania—pay at a similar rate. Most favored are Belgium and Italy. The former pays at an average interest rate of 1.64 per cent, the latter at four-tenths of one per cent. Compare this with the rate of 3.3 accepted by Great Britain. That interest rates were figured according to debtors' "capacity to pay" may seem to depressed British industrialists and idle British workmen an ironic compliment.

With pro[illegible] paid $383,000,000 annually for almost six decades, the United States cannot sit back, satisfied, while the money comes rolling home. Last-red-centers still flourish, in and out of Congress, but an increasing number doubt the advisability of insisting upon these payments through the next two generations. Their argument that cancellation would be in the interest of Europe is unlikely to make much headway in America, but their further argument that it would be in the interest of the United States is reaching attentive ears. For the moment, the debts have ceased to be a bitterly contentious issue, but they will be heard from again.

▶▶*In Aid of Moby Dick*

Science, having laid its cold hand on the once-romantic whaling industry, is trying to atone. Headed by Dr. Stanley W. Kemp, a British scientific expedition aboard the Discovery II is now en route to the Antarctic, play-ground of the whale, to gather data on Moby Dick's habits and migrations. Modern whale-hunting methods have spelled wholesale slaughter; unless active effort is made, the picturesque mammal may vanish.

Not that whaling has ever been a sentimental business. The hard-fisted whaling masters of New Bedford and Nantucket were as keen for profits as the Scandinavians who hunt leviathan today; whaling made many New England fortunes. But modern whaling is commercial and nothing else. Romance and adventure glossed the industry which young Herman Melville studied on his voyage with the mystic Captain Ahab in the chase of Moby Dick.

At best a stupid animal, the whale had a sporting chance in the '50's and '60's and no one who went a-whalin' lacked excitement. Today the harpoon and the lance have given way to the grimly efficient bomb. Only a few old-timers remember the Nantucket sleigh-ride, with the harpooned whale towing the boat. Instead of the starboard cutting-in stage, where great gobs of blubber were ripped off to be tried out into oil, ships now have compartments large enough to contain the whole animal. The lookout's high-pitched "Thar she blows" is now the dot and dash of the wireless.

When oil was discovered in Pennsylvania and changing fashion made a joke of the whalebone stay, the whaling industry declined. Yet, limited in

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scope, it is still highly profitable. Whale products are used to manufacture soap and fertilizer, and ambergris, a whale secretion, is still worth its weight in gold. Thanks to modernity, a month's catch by a steam trawler equals the four years' catch of a New Bedford whaler. Now modernity must assert itself still further if the whale is to be saved from limbo.

▶▶*Heflin Chastised*

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE of Alabama has wagged a reproving finger at that State's 120,000 voters who bolted Smith in 1928. Hereafter, it declares, those who vote in a Democratic primary automatically promise to vote Democratic in the election, an unenforceable provision implying that nominees must be supported even if they be knaves or fools. The move may have been merely a gesture of accompaniment; what the Committee was out to do, and by a vote of 27 to 21 did, was to spank and expel Senator Heflin. No Democrat who opposed Smith, it declared, is eligible for nomination on the Democratic ticket. Therefore, Senator Heflin cannot be the Democratic nominee for Senator in 1930.

Senator Heflin has not been as lucky as the Republican Senator Norris of Nebraska, or the Democratic Senator Simmons of North Carolina, neither of whom has been censured for opposing his party's candidate for President. Lacking the party label, he must run as an independent. So be it, says he; "the committee's action will be repudiated at the polls by anywhere from 100,000 to 150,000 majority." If it is, there will be no more talk of punishing him. Nor, incidentally, will there be any more talk of tolerance in Alabama.

Meanwhile, his foes rule the roost. Their punitive action against him reopens the question of why the Senator is so cordially hated. That enlightened Alabamans, bored and disgusted with Heflin, should yearn to be rid of him is, Lord knows, natural enough. That Roman Catholics should resent his thunderous and silly attacks is surely not strange. But why do so many others scowl, rather than smile, when they think of poor Tom-Tom? Is it not because he represents a larger section of the electorate than most commentators like to admit; because, showing the country its own faults embodied in himself, he makes it uneasy?

The 1928 election, particularly in the South, knocked the wind out of efforts to dismiss the Senator as insignificant. Heflin simply said in public what many politicians said in private, put into words what many citizens had in their minds. If the far-flung battle against bigotry is to make headway, these facts must first be admitted. The Senator from Alabama does not create intolerance half so much as he represents it.

▶▶*More from Massachusetts*

A NEW ENGLAND Watch and Ward Society agent walked into a Cambridge bookstore not long ago, gave a false name, asked for a copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* by D. H. Lawrence, and was told that it could be ordered, though it was not carried in stock. In due time the work arrived and was sold. And in due time the bookseller was charged with peddling obscenity.

Wide World

TOM-TOM

Senator J. Thomas Heflin of Alabama caught by the camera in action

Tried by a Superior Court Judge, he was found guilty, though his good character was vouched for by a historian, a librarian, and a professor of literature. Last summer, he frankly testified, he had sold five copies of the work, to a collector, a l[illegible]d three professors at H[illegible]ook might not be advertised by the court action, its title was left unmentioned, a precaution which may have succeeded in confusing the court janitor.

One ray of light entered the proceedings when the Watchers and Warders were denounced by both defense and prosecution. Possibly the Society will walk less boldly now that a District Attorney has warned it against procuring the commission of a crime.

It appears that this bookseller would have been convicted even if the notorious Massachusetts book law had been amended so that it no longer permitted convictions to be based on single passages. The presiding judge believed that even as a whole the book was "obscene, indecent, and impure." Efforts to alter the law nevertheless go forward. Prominent Massachusetts men and women are sponsoring a new bill, which, requiring books to be judged in their entirety, is similar to that twice killed by the Legislature. Another measure, satiric in tone, is fathered by the Boston author, Elliot Paul. The Paul bill would compel potential censors to convince examiners of their normal intelligence, knowledge, and sex experience. It gaily ignores the probability that a censor who possessed such qualifications might never consent to be a censor.

▶▶*Pictorial Review*

ENOUGH of the popular standbys have lately appeared in print to make a rotogravure editor's holiday. If you miss a shiny brown section or so in the Yuletide rush, no matter. They are mostly faces you had seen before.

Imagine a rotogravure editor in action. First of all, the marriage of Helen Wills. A full-page spread for Helen. In the center, her own favorite picture, a new eyeshade one, which recently arrived in newspaper offices, just in time for such an emergency. Then an informal snapshot of Miss Wills and Mr. Moody, taken abroad, say, or at Berkeley. A picture of Miss Wills on the court—how about digging out one of the old ones, with pigtails? Then a picture taken right after the wedding, indicating that it was a quiet affair with Miss Wills attired in brown Patou traveling clothes and only the two families attending. Any chance for a honeymoon picture or two? They'd never chop wood, like the Coolidges, but they might play tennis or something.

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Here's John D. Rockefeller's second grandson, Nelson, engaged. Straight photographs of Rockefeller and Miss Clark, then shots of her on horseback and him as fullback of the Dartmouth soccer team, showing that they share an interest in athletics and the great out of doors. Might as well run a picture of old John D., playing golf at Ormond Beach, along with it. About time for another one of those.

Then, why not a picture of Rudy Vallee, who's being sued by a chorus girl for breach of promise? Caption it, "Surprised and hurt." That's what he said he was when he heard about it. With a squib underneath about how the chorus girl thought he was singing, "I Love You, I Love You, I Love You," when it was really "Can't We Be Friends?" What's this? Pola Negri and her husband reconciled? All right; run her. Might as well run him, too; he's a Prince. Mrs. Fogarty has withdrawn her $500,000 breach of promise suit against Tunney, too. Might as well stick in that picture of Gene with George Bernard Shaw. That's enough to fill. Save the Lindberghs for next time.

▶▶*Science in Suspense*

WHETHER the ten fossil skeletons found near Peking are of high antiquity and therefore likely to "excel in interest all findings of this kind," or merely modern skeletons intrusively buried within older strata—as so many similar finds have turned out to be—is a question which has been holding anthropologists at fever heat for a fortnight. Further information about the Far Eastern discovery will appear in these columns as soon as the facts are available. At present, everything seems to hinge on the judgment of one geologist named Pei, and geologists, like physicians, do not care to leave important decisions to a single individual.

About two years before the present ten-skeleton find, Professor Davidson Black, a Canadian, member of the staff of Peking Union Medical College, unearthed at the same place what has since been accepted by science as two genuine Ice Age fossil jawbones, somewhat fragmented but including the teeth, the most telltale bit of evidence anthropologists could ask. In 1927 the find was named Sinanthropus and took rank with such well-known fossils as Pithecanthropus, the Java ape man; Eoanthropus, the Piltdown man of England, and the like. The ten skeletons, if their discovery and antiquity of several hundred thousand years are verified, should settle a number of important questions.

To ask if they would be our direct ancestors or possibly those of the Chinese would not be unnatural. If the answer should be "Either, or both," it would not necessarily be so because they were found in China. Two, five, or ten hundred thousand years (all possible) is time enough for an unlimited amount of racial wandering, and the locality might therefore be a coincidence. We know very little about the time or place of differentiation of the several races. In fact, in the largest sense, anthropology, a young science, even today knows next to nothing.

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Remarkable Remarks

I am convinced that . . . we have re-established confidence.—HERBERT HOOVER.

Don't shoot the piano player. He is doing the best he can.—PREMIER ANDRE TARDIEU.

I knew I was obnoxious to many people. But that does not matter. —SENATOR JOSEPH R. GRUNDY.

I wish that politicians had more courage.—PROFESSOR WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

A good radio, latest, most modern, efficient and PERMANENT, is not merely something that you OUGHT to have, it is something that every intelligent man KNOWS THAT HE MUST HAVE.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

I'm terribly embarrassed to get into a ring. It's such an unfamiliar atmosphere.—GENE TUNNEY.

I am through with tennis for the time being at least. I hope to make lots of money.—SUZANNE LENGLEN.

It would never enter my head to have even the smallest secret from my husband, and I know that Mother feels the same way about it. She is perfectly willing to have me confide to my husband the things with which I would have gone to her before my marriage. — FLORENCE TRUMBULL COOLIDGE.

The softly flowing curves and delicate feminine appeal are as much a part of women today as their postwar mannishness was part of women yesterday.—JACQUES WORTH.

Legs are still legs, anyway, whether they're boldly exposed or subtly discovered.—ANITA LOOS.

▶▶◀◀

▶▶*Valls vs. Mexico*

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JOHN A. VALLS, of Laredo, Texas, exaggerated. No amount of evidence, he said, could convince him that Washington would invest former-President Calles of Mexico, that "fugitive from justice," with diplomatic immunity "for the foul purpose of enabling him to evade arrest and punishment." Actually, a stiff note from Secretary of State Stimson, plus a few marines aboard the train which whizzed General Calles through Texas, was evidence enough.

"The day of reckoning is only postponed," said Mr. Valls. He advised General Calles to clothe himself with similar diplomatic immunity whenever he came through Laredo again. The prosecutor's case goes back to 1922, when the bodies of two Mexican army officers, handcuffed together, were found floating in the Rio Grande. Apparently they were kidnapped from a Laredo hotel and assassinated. Valls bluntly declares that the murder was plotted by Calles and the late Alvaro Obregon. Opportunity to hale the former to justice, of course while elevating himself into international prominence, rapped at his door, he believed, when Calles landed in the United States on his way home from a vacation in Europe.

If the Government at Washington was annoyed by Mr. Valls's droll efforts to clap the strongest man in Mexico behind American bars, the Government at Mexico City was furious. Countering, it closed its consulate in the border town of Laredo, rescinded the privilege enjoyed by the Laredo Chamber of Commerce of issuing tourist passes, and prohibited Mexicans living just across the border from shopping in Laredo and taking their purchases home without paying duties. In brief, it delivered a telling blow at Laredo's pocketbook, thereby bringing the cries of Laredo business men to the ears of the State Department at Washington.

Mexicans declare that Valls is animated by a fixed hatred toward their Government. Valls himself implies that he's just conscientious. Be that as it may, "John Valls" is likely to become a family name for all overzealous and humorless prosecutors.

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Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE LEARN that several Senators are sharpening their knives for prominent Wall Street figures who will be called to testify at the investigation into the recent market collapse almost certain to be authorized early in January. Progressives and Democrats, we hear, are keen to pay off more scores against financiers who have held the "sons of the wild jackass" responsible for the crash. Senator Carter Glass, still seeking revenge against the "speculators" and the Federal Reserve Board itself, is the moving figure in the demand for an inquiry, but he has numerous supporters on the Banking and Currency Committee and in the Senate itself. "Pete" Norbeck of South Dakota, chairman of the committee, would conduct any inquisition, and his grinning comment on the stock collapse was: "Vell, vot goes up must come down!"

The inquiry is almost a certainty because it will be the chance of a political lifetime for the insurgents and the Democrats. Having revealed before the lobby committee the schemes of the Grundys, the Binghams and the Lakins for writing a tariff bill which would discriminate in favor of industry as compared with agriculture, the "radicals" mean to show up what they call Wall Street's manipulation of the market and control of the country's credit. The Progressives count on expected revelations to insure the return of each Senator up for re-election next year, especially Norris of Nebraska, their leader. The Democrats hope it will strengthen their chances of capturing Congress in the off-year contests. Strange as it may seem, Wall Street will discover that it has no advocate in the White House such as it had when Calvin Coolidge sat there. In fact, we would not be surprised if the Administration would derive some satisfaction from seeing certain savage critics of its financial policies placed on a senatorial grill.

The Democrats, we suspect, do not think the Administration will emerge in an heroic light. Certain Senators have heard of a mysterious visit which William C. Durant, stock market impresario, paid to the White House during the peak of the speculative period. Resorting to detective-story stealth so that he might escape observation, Mr. Durant virtually forced his way into the White House to warn President Hoover that persistence in the Federal Reserve Board's anti-speculation policy would precipitate the worst crash in history. Mr. Durant apparently got little satisfaction since there was no change in policy. He left the White House with a warning to attaches not to disclose his errand, sold out his stock and sailed for Europe. About this same time there were unexplained visits to the Executive Offices by Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank and Myron C. Taylor, chairman of the finance committee of United States Steel and a member of the Morgan banking group. What connection these trips had with events of the past year, if any, several Senators would like to know.

Duffus in Baltimore Sun

First Aid for a Drooping Flower

Reports of Mr. Mitchell's activities during and since the deflation, we know, have whetted the curiosity of the inquisitors. Glass blames the financier for his part in resisting the Federal Reserve Board's program, and holds the board to be blameworthy for tolerating his stand. Of late even more exciting rumors have reached Washington regarding Mitchell's tenure of office as president of the National City Bank. From supposedly trustworthy sources there came predictions a few weeks ago that he would be succeeded by Dwight W. Morrow, and we still hear that he will be replaced sooner or later. Publication of the rumor in several obscure newspapers, we understand, created some stir in banking and political circles, even resulting in a private inquiry at the Capital by the bank's agents as to the source of the story. These and other mysterious maneuvers in and around Wall Street have created a situation quite suited to the tactics and temper of the senatorial coalitionists.

"Old Joe" Grundy of Pennsylvania has been sitting in our midst for some weeks now, but the white-haired, ruddy-faced Senator from Pennsylvania is yet to assume the mantle of Boies Penrose, the most powerful political boss Washington has known in decades.

Grundy, we understand, was well hated even in Pennsylvania until a few weeks ago, largely because of his domineering attitude toward his industrial and political colleagues. But his courage in insisting that western Senators from "backward states ought to talk darn small," together with their denunciation of the political morals of the Keystone State, seem to have made him a hero, Pennsylvania style.

We also hear suggestions that Senator Reed must feel no small amount of chagrin at the turn of events, for Grundy's rise in importance may mean his decline.

We happen to know, however, that the senior Senator is happier now than even before. It has never been his desire to become a Penrose, since he has yearned to be a statesman. With Grundy wallowing in the sordid but essential stuff of which practical politics is made, Mr. Reed may now shed the hairshirt of the penitential politician, and sprout a hero's halo, his own style.

A. F. C.

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The Cost of Modern Medical Care

An Editorial by Morris Fishbein

THE increasing furore relative to the cost of medical care is a striking exemplification of the way in which the average man concentrates on one phase of human life and forgets that all phases of human activity are related. In a consideration of recent economic changes in the United States by a distinguished committee headed by President Hoover, it is pointed out that the most striking characteristic of the last twenty-five years has been the expansion of human wants and an insatiable appetite for goods and services. Our people have become steadily less concerned about the primary needs of food, clothing and shelter, and more and more concerned about foreign travel, motoring, radios, motion pictures and the consumption of leisure. The five-day week and the development of machines mean a vast amount of free time to be spent and have afforded new types of employment for numerous people who were previously engaged in agriculture and in manufacturing. Moreover, the last twenty-five years have seen the development of mass services and mass interests in a way never before known.

There has been a great advancement in the technic of medical diagnosis and medical care. In modern scientific medicine the old-time doctor who made a diagnosis on the basis of a history of the case, a look at the tongue, a record of the temperature, and a brief touch of the pulse, has no place. Neither is there room, under modern conditions of practice, for the hastily written trite prescription, passed down through the ages, as the sovereign remedy for cough, cold, rheumatism, or auto-intoxication. These empirical shot-gun formulas are passing with the indefinite conditions they were alleged to cure. A quarter of a century has seen a greater advance in medical science than was witnessed by the previous fifty centuries. Today the microscope is familiar to every student of medicine. Although he may not have complete facility in their use, the competent practitioner realizes the qualities that lie in proper employment of the cystoscope, proctoscope, electrocardiograph, and the technics of blood chemistry. With the coming of greater exactitude there has tended to come also the coldness that seems to be the inevitable accompaniment of the introduction of the machine into industry. Moreover, the processes are time-consuming and expensive.

The rise of the great cities and the necessity for having easily available all of the accessories of the scientific practice of medicine have given impetus to the development of the hospital, the group clinic, and the commercial chemical and X-ray laboratory. Here already are attempts, through organization and coöperation, to distribute the overhead while retaining the personal features of the medical practice of an earlier day. Nevertheless such attempts seem to have been insufficient or futile, because there arise—primarily from economists, sociologists, and philanthropists, but to a considerable extent from an unenlighted public opinion—demands for a decrease in the cost of medical care.

Paying the doctor is by no means the biggest part of the cost of up-to-date care in sickness today. Scientific advance and organization have placed a whole hospital staff of expert attendants at the disposal of any one who is ill and can meet the bill. And Americans generally want the best—as cheap as possible. Dr. Fishbein, Editor of The Journal of the American Medical Association, explains the dilemma of the physician and suggests a way out through the exercise of a little common sense economy by the average man

The statistics reflecting these conditions are of great interest. From 1909 to 1927 the number of hospital beds in the United States increased from 421, 065 to 753, 318. During the same period the efficiency of hospitals increased greatly, as shown by the fact that the number of clinical laboratories increased from 3,035 to 4,357 from 1922 to 1927, or 43 percent; and the X-ray departments from 2,841 to 4,387, or 54 per cent. In 1927 64 per cent of all hospitals had clinical laboratories and X-ray departments, and physical therapy departments were installed in 2,091 hospitals.

Hospital charges and costs have not increased greatly in comparison with all other costs. The degree of increase in commodity prices at wholesale in gold between 1913 and 1927 was, in the United States, 47 per cent. The average increase in hospital charges in four leading hospitals in Chicago during the same period was 66 per cent, as compared with an increase of 135 per cent in cost to the hospital; moreover, in 1913 the average stay in the hospital was fifteen days as compared with twelve days in 1926.

The increase in hospital costs is represented by many factors. Whereas some three or four hundred nurses were graduated from hospital training schools in 1890, this year approximately eighteen thousand nurses were graduated; the cost of operating the training schools must be considered as part of the cost of hospital care. It is predicted that 65,000 nurses will be graduated in 1950. Whereas approximately one attendant was required for each person in a hospital in 1910, there are today from three to four attendants for each person in the hospital, including doctors, nurses, orderlies, staff clerks, laboratory workers, engineers, maids, cooks, laundry workers, and office employees. These also must be included in the cost of medical care.

The advancement in medical care is definitely associated with changes in the standard of living that have taken place in our country during the past twenty-five years. It is recognized that savings bank accounts have decreased and that the purchase of automobiles and speculation have increased greatly. In 1910 there was one automobile to every two hundred and sixty-five persons; in 1917, one to every twenty-two; in 1919, one to every sixteen, and on July 1, 1928 one to every six. Of the sales made, 38.6 per cent were made for cash and 61.4 per cent on the installment plan. Among manufacturers, merchants, professional men, and sub-executives the number of installment sales and cash sales were equal; but among salesmen, clerks, firemen, policemen, laborers and artisans the installment sales were to cash sales as two to one.

The doctor's fee is not the largest item in the cost of medical care. It is the one item that is revised downward, and by the doctor himself,

(Please Turn to Page 38)

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The Gospel Spreads

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy

By FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

Throughout the land, as the '80s closed, Christian Science was spreading. Practitioners went out from Boston. Churches were organized. And Mrs. Eddy's income, from the Massachusetts Metaphysical College and her books, sometimes reached $3,000 a week. The financial position of The Leader was secure, but she had no rest. Rebellion continued. This is the ninth instalment

IN 1887 the first Christian Science Church building, a small frame structure, was dedicated at Oconto, Wisconsin. Here and all over America small groups of Christian Scientists, who had until then been meeting in private houses, were hiring halls and holding public meetings. Church organizations were formed and incorporated. From the Massachusetts Metaphysical College in Boston practitioners were being sent out by the dozen. They went in all directions, appeared in towns and villages, and everywhere they were the objects of wonder and curiosity. News of their miraculous healings at once spread through the community, and however passionately the reactionaries cried charlatan, the sick and despairing flocked to their doors. The curious came with their minor ailments, and were astonished to find themselves healed. The superstitious, the believers in miracles, found their beliefs now suddenly justified, and became respectable. Boston, the very center of culture and learning had placed its seal upon it. Massachusetts Metaphysical College,—resounding and impressive name.

No church has ever had a gospel so appealing. No church has ever had a force of missionaries so effective. They came armed to prove the gospel by their works. Every healing made a convert and created enthusiastic publicity. Every practitioner's office was stocked with copies of *Science and Health* for sale, and took subscriptions for the *Journal*. Salesman, healer, preacher, and missionary,—all these functions were combined in the Christian Science practitioner.

The majority of these practitioners were women, often women of intelligence and charm, many of whom had been left alone in the world and dependent upon their own resources. Unfitted for any profession, they now found themselves magically, after a few weeks course at one of the various "academies" or three at the Massachusetts Metaphysical College in Boston, equipped with a profession, a living, and a respectable position in society. This in itself was a "demonstration" which might have assured Christian Science its success. Other women, with this object lesson before them, women who had resigned themselves to a life of compromise and dependence upon the charity of relatives, rose from their rocking chairs, abandoned their knitting and their complaints, and with their last hundred dollars carefully saved against disaster, bade good-bye to their skeptical if hopeful families, and took the train to Boston. In no time at all they were back again, had set up an office, and before the year was out were lending money to the head of the family, who in turn, converted by this miracle, was presently demonstrating abundance for himself.

At the very period when Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and their friends were waging their battles for women's rights, at the time when women were only beginning to venture into the business world,—Mary Baker Eddy had, without so much as a by-your-leave, and as a mere unpremeditated by-product of her activity, provided a new and lucrative profession for her sex. Mrs. Eddy seems never to have been particularly interested in the cause of suffrage, although she expressed herself upon it, as upon all other subjects, such as war, peace and politics, in her usual flowery vein, even writing one of her worst poems on "Women's Rights." What need had she, indeed, to fight for such a cause? For her, it was already won.

Mrs. Eddy sent her most effective students to establish Christian Science in the larger cities. She had sent Augusta Stetson to New York in 1886, and Mrs. Stetson had gone at her Leader's bidding into the new field where she was entirely unknown, although she had given up an established practice in Boston and nearby surburbs to do so. "If" said Mrs. Eddy as Mrs. Stetson hesitated, "the Astors or the Vanderbilts should send for you to work for them, would you be afraid that they would not supply your needs?" "Certainly not," said Mrs. Stetson. "Well," said Mrs. Eddy, "This is God's work. Is he not more powerful than the Vanderbilts?" There was no answer to this argument, and Mrs. Stetson, accepting the implied rebuke, at once left for New York. And God did prove more powerful than the Vanderbilts in supplying Mrs. Stetson's needs.

It was in 1885, when Christian Science was at the beginning of its nation-wide success and *Science and Health* was beginning to be read by laymen outside the Church, and Mrs. Eddy's style criticized, that the leader determined to silence this criticism by employing the services of the best literary adviser available in Boston. The Rev. James Henry Wiggin had retired from the ministry in the Unitarian Church and was at that time acting as a professional critic and literary adviser to authors. When Mrs. Eddy sought professional aid, now that she could afford it, she sought the best. Mr. Wiggin's reputation was excellent. He became Mrs. Eddy's literary adviser in August of 1885 and acted in that capacity for four years. This association was one of the oddest and most amiable of Mrs. Eddy's career, as it may be said to have been of Mr. Wiggin's as well. Mr. Wiggin was a theologian, a scholar, a lover of life and the arts. He loved good food, the theatre, leisure, wit, and the companionship of his friends. He displayed more equanimity in his attitude toward Mrs. Eddy than any of her more worshipful associates, and Mrs. Eddy's respect for his scholarship prevented her from the exercise of her usual tyranny. They seem in fact, to have enjoyed each other very much.

The importance and extent of Mr. Wiggin's contribution to *Science and Health*, as to the other volumes of Mrs. Eddy's works that came under his revision, have been variously estimated.

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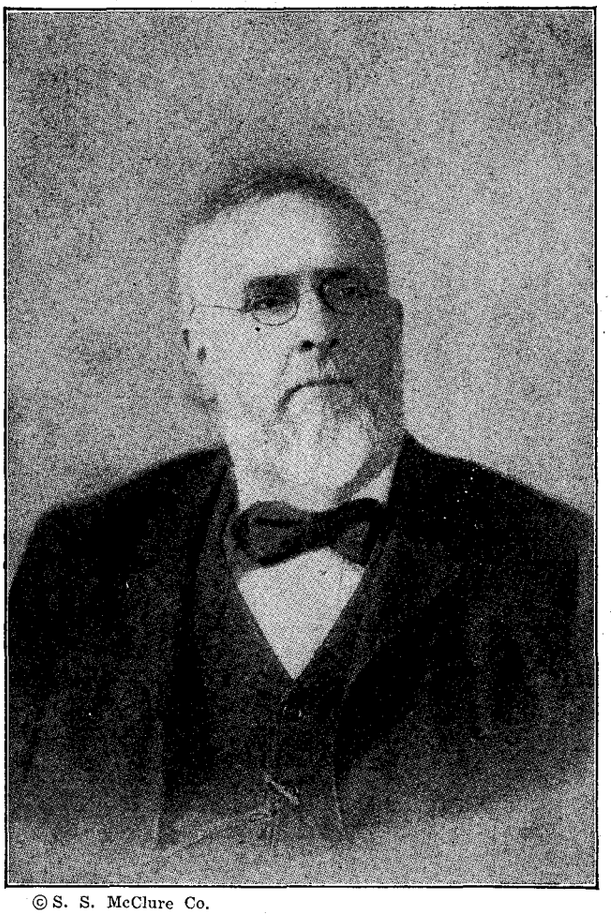
It has been claimed that Mr. Wiggin entirely rewrote *Science and Health,* and made it for the first time readable. Mr. Wiggin himself however made no such claim. His own story is available in the New York *World* of Nov. 4, 1906. It is entirely good-humored and free of the partisanship displayed in the accompanying comments of Mr. Livingston Wright.

Although Mr. Wiggin performed an enormous labor in revising *Science and Health* and added many of the philosophical and historical allusions which so oddly appear in it, and deleted many absurdities of the earlier editions, a comparison of the editions appearing before and after his revisions will hardly show that he managed to contribute much to the clarification of the fundamental theory. As a matter of fact there are evidences that in his attempt to "keep her from making herself ridiculous" and to modify some of her extravagant statements, he influenced her to inject into her book many of those very reasonable explanations and modifications, which give the reader so strange a sense of contradictory claims.

One invaluable service he did render her. He persuaded her to omit from *Science and Health* the chapter on Mesmerism which appeared in the first manuscript she submitted to him. This chapter contained the same old diatribes and accusations of demonology against Kennedy, Arens, Spofford and other recalcitrant students, and added the charge that they with the doctors who had attended her husband in his illness, had directly caused Asa G. Eddy's death. These assertions Mr. Wiggin insisted were libelous, and argued against their inclusion in the book. Mrs. Eddy held out against his admonitions until the plates of the book were cast, when suddenly she capitulated, and hurriedly cut down a sermon she had delivered some time before so that it filled the same number of pages as those on mesmerism. This chapter, which she entitled "Wayside Hints" ran through several editions of *Science and Health.*

It was this chapter which probably gave rise to the story that Mr. Wiggin was in reality the author of those editions bearing his revisions. For the sermon which Mrs. Eddy had used was prepared for her by Mr. Wiggin. Among his other duties he often drew up and prepared for her the outlines of her sermons, and he has himself amusingly described her delivery of this particular one. Its subject was "The City that Lieth Foursquare," and although he says that Mrs. Eddy got a little tangled now and then in the attempt to follow the argument of his outline, she worked into her text her usual verve, and her adoring audience crowded to the platform with the usual enthusiastic eulogies when the sermon was done. Mr. Wiggin made his way through the crowd and when he reached the platform Mrs. Eddy, who was "distributing the blessed smiles to her flock, suddenly clapped her hand over her mouth and shot the side whisper to me, 'How did it go?' "



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REV. JAMES HENRY WIGGIN
Who for four years was Mrs. Eddy's literary adviser

He replied in an undertone that it had gone very well indeed. Later, when Mrs. Eddy decided to omit the chapter on mesmerism, Mr. Wiggin wrote out the sermon in full for its inclusion in the book. "I do not think it will greatly edify you, the chapter," Mr. Wiggin wrote to a friend. "As for clearness, many Christan Science people thought her early editions much better because they sounded more *like* Mrs. Eddy."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Wiggin had persuaded Mrs. Eddy to remove from her textbook the personal diatribes against the mesmerists, it was not because she had ceased to believe in their power. She had her *Christian Science Journal* in which she could still say what she wished. The *Journal* had had a succession of editors. Arthur Buswell, Mrs. Emma Hopkins, and Mrs. Crosse had all served their turns, and one by one "deserted" to the "mesmerists." But Mrs. Eddy was always Editor-in-chief and in control of this valuable organ of publicity. In answer to her critics within the fold who had suggested that she might be saying too much on the subject of animal magnetism, she writes in the *Journal* for Oct. 1885:

"In my public works I lay bare the capacity, in belief, of animal magnetism, to break the Decalogue, to murder, steal, commit adultery, etc.

"Those who deny my right or wisdom to expose its crimes, are either participants in this evil, afraid of its supposed power or ignorant of it. Those accusing me of covering this iniquity, are zealous, who, like Peter, sleep when the Teacher bids them watch; and when the hour of trial comes would cut off somebody's ears."

And so in her *Journal,* interspersed with eulogies of her friends and supporters, bits of news from the ever widening Christian Science front, cards of thanks for gifts received—a turkey for Thanksgiving, sofa pillows, antimacassars, photographs, every thing that an adoring public could think of sending her—Mrs. Eddy continued her denunciations of and warnings against the black arts of the mesmerists. In 1887, she instituted a regular department in the *Journal* devoted to Malicious Animal Magnetism. Under its caption every month there stood this

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verse from Nehemiah: "Also have they dominion over our bodies, and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress."

In this department, carried for several years, and devoted to letters from Christian Scientists, one may see how the doctrine of Malicious Animal Magnetism had taken hold upon the imaginations of Mrs. Eddy's followers. In the Healing Department, featured on another page, were set forth the successes of Divine Mind, under headings that ranged from "Dog and Rattlesnake," through every imaginable disease to "Cured of both Paralysis and Mormonism." But the department devoted to Animal Magnetism featured the successes of the enemy, with a range as wide. For the doctrine had thrown as strong a light upon the lives of these people as had its opposite doctrine of healing and good. It provided them with an explanation of their failures and their troubles, great and small. It provided them with an explanation of the distrust that often came to them of Mrs. Eddy, the envy they sometimes felt when they read of her great financial success. One is tempted by the desire to write, and the treasonable thought that she could "write as good a book as Mrs. Eddy's." But under the treatment of the healers, these distrusts and temptations are splendidly overcome.

A SPECIAL course in Obstetrics had been added to the instruction given at the Metaphysical College. The *Journal* for 1885 carried the following announcement featured in first place under "Professional Cards:"

MARY B. G. EDDY

Professor of
OBSTETRICS

Metaphysics and Christian Science

Receives calls
Tuesdays and Fridays
from 3 to 5 P. M.
571 Columbus Ave.
(Mass. Met. Coll.)
Boston

Prof. Eddy takes no patients at present, has no time for consultation of disease, and reads no letters containing inquiries in that dept; all such should be addressed to those whose names appear below.

There were now four courses offered by Mrs. Eddy's college:

Primary Class, twelve lessons (afterward seven lessons).....	$300
Normal Class, six lessons.....	200
Class in Metaphysical Obstetrics, six lessons	100
Class in Theology, six lessons	200

If a student took all of the courses, tuition would total $800. The normal

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Phineas P. Quimby

course consisted of a review of the primary course, and many graduates of the outlying Christian Science "academies" came to Boston for the normal course. Later, no students were allowed in the normal course who had not received Mrs. Eddy's personal instruction in the primary course. This brought many students to Boston for the primary course who would otherwise have gone through the smaller academies.

By 1887 there were waiting lists for the courses at the Metaphysical College, and Mrs. Eddy no sooner finished one course of lectures (which took three weeks) than another was begun. From thirty to fifty pupils were taught at a time. At the lowest estimate, thirty in a class, and taking only the primary course, Mrs. Eddy's income for the three weeks' instruction would be $9000, or $3000 a week,—an income not despised today by the most popular of the motion picture stars. Her book *Science and Health* was now running through edition after edition, with William G. Nixon acting as her publisher, and Mrs. Eddy received a royalty of $1 on every copy. This, with the sale of four smaller works in pamphlet form, greatly augmented the income from her teaching.

On Christmas Day of that year, Mrs. Eddy moved into the new $40,000 residence on Commonwealth Avenue, described glowingly in the *Journal* as containing twenty rooms, "finished and furnished under the advice of a professional decorator," with a description of the grounds, and a reference to "the massive residence of his excellency, Oliver Ames, the present governor of Massachusetts" within a few yards of "Mrs. Eddy's mansion." "To name the dwellers on this avenue," says the *Journal*, "would be to name scores of Boston's wealthy and influential men."

From this time forth Mrs. Eddy was financially safe. She would never again have cause for anxiety on that score. Her great fear was now that the organization she had built up might be wrested from her hands. If her fortune was safe, the Cause must now be made equally safe. No one should wrest her money or her Cause from her control. In the struggle about to ensue her methods were high-handed and ruthless in the extreme, though carried off with a kind of irresponsible magnificence.

Love of money and love of power—these are the two charges most often brought against Mrs. Eddy by her enemies. She loved money, and enjoyed having it, as who does not? She loved power, as who does not? That she was successful in the actualization of these two universal desires seems to have been the point of censure. If any one thing is apparent in Mrs. Eddy's life, it is that her controlling passion was the Cause she had espoused. And by this time she had so identified herself with it that she *was* the Cause. To threaten it was to threaten her. She labored for it, suffered ridicule and scorn, denied her benefactor, resorted to subterfuge and every manner of secret diplomacy, all to save her Cause intact. The Christian Scientists may well say that Mrs. Eddy was "a martyr to their Cause."

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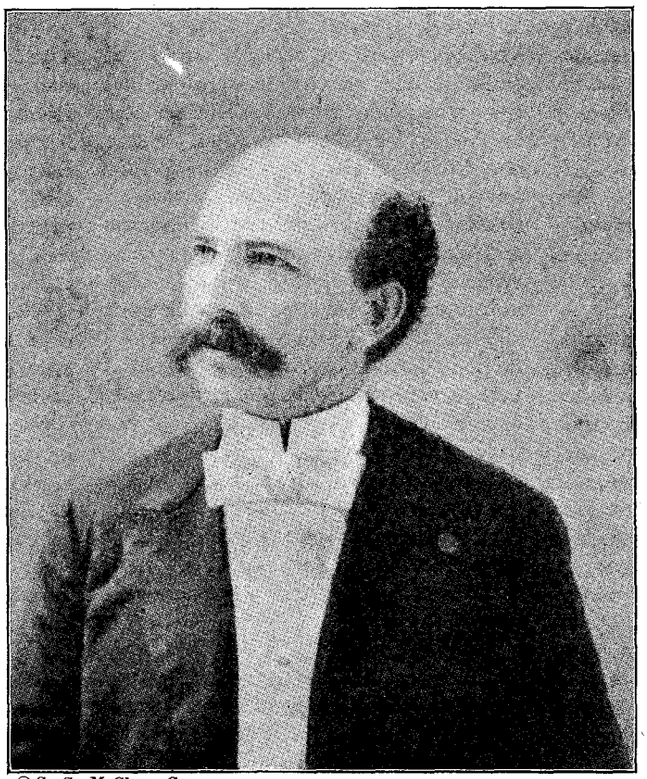
The years of 1887 and '88 were filled with "the smoke of battle." In 1887 the Quimby controversy had reached its climax with Mrs. Eddy's final denial and repudiation of her own earlier statements in the Portland press. The echoes of this denial had not died down, and the Quimby supporters, augmented by the deserters from Mrs. Eddy's ranks, now constituted a formidable rival to her power in Boston. In Chicago, a strong rival movement was under way, with Mrs. Emma Hopkins, former editor of the *Journal,* at its head. These were the forerunners of the movement, widespread but never organized under a single head, which came to be known as The New Thought Movement in America. With the example of Mrs. Eddy before them, they had from the beginning eschewed specific organization, although they held regular meetings, to which all were welcome, and gathered together in loosely organized conventions from time to time. They began to publish books and pamphlets on mental healing, and many of Mrs. Eddy's students were reading them. Wearied of the storms which had constantly arisen in the organization, and resentful of Mrs. Eddy's tyranny, these students saw in the new movement a freer and more independent field. She announced that her book *Science and Health* was the only true doctrine, that in it was to be found the one infallible guide to the science her rivals sought to adulterate. Since many of these books contained a clear statement of the science of mental healing, and in addition were free of Mrs. Eddy's doctrine of animal magnetism, her statement served only to fan the fires of the students' discontent.

In the spring of 1888 a new trouble sprang up to confound the Christian Scientists. Mrs. Abby H. Corner of West Medford, Mass., a student of Mrs. Eddy's, and member of the Christian Scientists' Association, attended her own daughter in childbirth, and both the mother and child died. This tragedy was widely published, and resulted in heated condemnations of the Christian Scientists. Mrs. Corner was arrested and prosecuted. Christian Scientists had often been in the courts before but this was the first time that one so prominent and so near to Mrs. Eddy had been accused of so grave an offense. From all parts of the country Christian Scientists rallied to Mrs. Corner's support. They conceived it to be the fundamental tenets of their cause which were on trial.



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DR. EBENEZER J. FOSTER EDDY

Whom Mrs. Eddy adopted as a son when he was 41 years old

But Mrs. Eddy remained strangely silent in her big house on Commonwealth Avenue.

In the Boston *Herald* of April 29, 1888, the following notice appeared:

"To the editor of the *Herald:* The lamentable case reported from West Medford of the death of a mother and her infant at childbirth should forever put a stop to quackery. There has been but one side of this case presented by the newspapers. We wait to hear from the other side, trusting that attenuating circumstances will be brought to light. Mrs. Abby H. Corner never entered the obstetrics class at the Massachusetts Metaphysical College. She was not fitted at this institute for an *accoucheur,* had attended but one term, and four terms, including three years of successful practice by the student, are required to complete the college course."

This notice was signed "Committee on Publication, Christian Scientists' Association." It was, however, a complete surprise to all the members of the association with the exception of Mrs. Eddy herself and perhaps a few others directly under her control.

Charles A. Troupe, the secretary of the Association, resigned claiming that an attempt had been made to persuade him to change the records. A furore broke out among the members, amazed and incensed by Mrs. Eddy's repudiation of Mrs. Corner, her erstwhile friend and pupil. Mrs. Corner had taken the original course given by Mrs. Eddy before she had added the special course in Metaphysical Obstetrics. That course added nothing in fact to the original instruction on obstetrics, consisting only of the usual arguments and denials employed for all cases. Mrs. Corner had been practising in accordance with Mrs. Eddy's instructions as given for many years, and as many Christian Scientists were practising throughout the field. The restrictions referred to in the notice in the *Herald* had been but lately imposed.

On June 6th a meeting of the Christian Scientists' Association was held in the old Tremont Temple. A new secretary, William B. Johnson, was elected, and the storm of dissatisfaction and criticism which had been accumulating during the preceding days now broke with full force over Mrs. Eddy's head. Accusations were hurled at her: "We stand the brunt of Christian Science and Mrs. Eddy gets the money and the glory." She took care, they said, to protect herself by refusing to take patients or even to be consulted on the treatment of disease. She had been a traitor to her practitioners. Mrs. Eddy defended herself. The meeting descended to personalities. Many of the members had felt that not only should they personally support Mrs. Corner, but that the expense of her defense should be paid out of the

(Please Turn to Page 36)

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Business Prophets

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

The real value of business forecasting lies in the observation and analysis which go with it. Information is always valuable, and enables the business executive to avoid the very pitfalls which are predicted. Mr. Scroggs contributes this page each week

THESE are the days when the voice of the business prophet is heard in the land. As each year draws to a close the country's leading industrialists, merchants, bankers, railway executives, and even a few Cabinet officers and professors of economics, are urged by the metropolitan press to give the country the benefit of their views with regard to what the business world may expect in coming months. These captain-generals of industry seldom do more than formulate a few optimistic generalities, telling the world that they "look forward with confidence to continued progress in the year ahead," and letting it go at that.

There is another group, however, which has none of the inhibitions of greatness and consequently does not hesitate to speak its mind and to point out the elements of both strength and weakness in the business situation. It must be admitted that in the last few years the percentage of direct hits scored by these prognosticators has not been high. It has been a bad period for prophecy. A diligent scrutiny of the forecasts made at the beginning of 1928 has failed to reveal a single prediction of the speculative mania and the consequent stringency of credit which developed during that year. When we turn to the forecasts made at the beginning of 1929, however, we find a somewhat better showing. No one predicted the cataclysm which swept over the stock market last autumn—but who could have foreseen anything so stupendous? Yet many did forecast a substantial reaction during the autumn in the security market, as well as a mild recession in general business. One economist, in particular, deserves to be quoted, for he ventured the prediction that "President Hoover's anti-depression remedy may be needed next fall." In view of what has recently happened this seems almost uncanny. Yet for the five years preceding this palpable hit, this same economist had been invariably wrong; and so to save him embarrassment we refrain from naming him. It was no prescience on his part which enabled him to guess right a year ago; it was merely the working of the law of averages: he couldn't be 100 per cent wrong all the time.

Wholly different from these annual symposiums of impressions as to the future is the work of the professional forecasters who furnish their services to clients for a consideration. There are half a dozen or more nationally known agencies which maintain large staffs of statisticians and research experts and make intensive studies of current economic data, interpret their significance and undertake to point out any impending changes in the various fields of business activity. Within the past decade many large corporations have also set up special statistical departments of their own which are charged with the duty of mapping out the probable course of business in coming months and assisting the officers of the companies to shape their policies in conformity with the indicated trend.

There is little doubt that when business forecasting first came into vogue its possibilities were somewhat overestimated. After the post-war boom of 1919 and the crisis and depression of 1920-21, many business men were greatly impressed with the apparent tendency of business to move in cycles, and from the regular recurrence of periods of expansion and recession they assumed that the coming changes could be gauged with a fair degree of precision. The business cycle idea was overworked. All sorts of so-called business barometers were devised. They were naturally based on past experience, and on that basis their inventors could make a good showing. Data of previous years, for example, seemed to indicate a close correlation between the percentage of blast furnaces in operation and the stock-market averages, and between bond prices and pig-iron production.

But the test of a barometer is not the past but the future, and very few of them have come up to original expectations. Today a number of carefully prepared trade barometers are placed at the service of subscribers by several of the forecasting agencies, but none of these concerns would claim for a moment that its barometer is absolutely dependable. In the first place, the statistical material on which the barometers are based is not as complete as it might be, and there is no sure way of ascertaining whether all the facts needed for diagnosing a given situation are available. Again, there have been so many radical changes in economic conditions in the past decade that earlier experience affords few parallels for accurate comparison. And finally, there is the human factor with all its complexities.

The very fact that more business men are following these forecasts than ever before makes the indicated outcome all the more uncertain. Let us suppose that all the forecasters united in predicting a financial crisis six months hence. There would be little likelihood then that the crisis would come. This would not prove that they were wrong in their conclusions; by pointing out the danger signs and giving warning in ample time they may cause financiers and business men to take the necessary corrective measures and prevent the troubles which otherwise might have occurred. Instead of failing, then, they may have rendered a highly useful service.

The value of forecasting, therefore, does not always depend on the accuracy with which a given set of developments is predicted. The real purpose is not so much prediction as observation and analysis. By supplying information regarding the shifting winds and tides of commerce the forecaster helps the business man to steer a safer course than he would if he relied merely on his individual impressions, or on impressions intensified by discussions with colleagues whose fund of knowledge is no greater than his own. And then as to this other sort of forecasting mentioned at the beginning of this discussion—the kind which will soon fill the financial supplements of many newspapers—this interchange of opinions of leaders in practically every line of business activity also is of value in broadening the knowledge and enriching the background of the executive who is making his plans for the coming year.

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▶▶ Sportsmen I Have Met ◀◀

By JOHN R. TUNIS

IT IS NO wonder to me that the average newspaper sporting writer often becomes hard boiled, cynical, disillusionized; in fact the amazing thing is that he is able to retain as much faith and belief in sport as he sincerely does. For your sporting writer is in continual contact with the top notchers of sport, and the top notchers in sport, in common I suppose with the top notchers in politics and every other walk of life, prove on close acquaintance to be surprisingly fallible. Thus he glances about over the warp and woof of athletics in these United States, and sees—what? Well, for one thing he sees the famous football coach who knocks down ten per cent of the gate receipts every year with the connivance of the University authorities; he sees the amateur athlete who has risen to fame and an account with a Wall Street house on his tennis racquet, his golf stick or his running shoes; he sees Mr. X, the well known patron of sport, the man who has done so much for ping pong, as an eager, self-seeking publicity hound whose one desire is to get his name in the newspapers and who cares no more about sport and sportsmen than a mortuary architect.

With the result that one is constantly obliged to remind oneself that these examples are by no means typical of any one land or any one nation; that in every game and in every land there are hundreds of thousands of real sportsmen who are never heard from; inarticulate, unknown, they furnish the audiences and crowds for the champions, they buy tickets to the big games, or they play silently in their own backyards without praise or fame or any hope or wish thereof. In short they are the backbone of sport.

Last winter I was dragged protestingly by a friend to the finals of the A. A. U. wrestling championships at the New York Athletic Club. I do not care particularly for wrestling, and after watching one pair after another climb into that ring and maul each other for seven minutes my feeling did not change in the least. Finally, toward the end of the evening, two heavyweights, 190 pounders, got together with great results. They shook hands, they glared at each other for a minute, and then one chap suddenly picked up the other by the knees, raised him above his head, and crashed him to the floor. The ring shook. Number two scrambled to his feet and retaliated by performing the same operation upon the first man. Again the ring tottered under the strain. This continued for several minutes, with each contestant receiving spine shattering blows, until a little chap beside me who had been watching the proceedings shook his head and at the tenth assault, remarked:—

"Well ain't they the — —— fools."

This was funny; it was my first reaction, too. Any one who would go through such agony was an idiot. But the more I watched the more my feelings changed. I perceived gradually that it was not all brute force, that there was science, yes, and skill in this sport, that it was something to be learned like any other game, that it was not merely the rough and tumble slugging match it seemed. And then it dawned upon me that these two men taking punishment upon that ring, crashing each other upon the boards, not for money because there was no money in it, nor yet for fame or publicity because there was none, not for the material things the exercise brought but because they loved athletics and despite external appearance were enjoying themselves in the practice of their favorite game, were genuinely lovers of sport. In other words they were amateur sportsmen.

AND so I became sold on wrestling. The next real sportsman who came to my attention was in a far gentler sport in a gentler land. England in mid-June; grey skies and low hanging clouds. We had been playing tennis in a little club in a cathedral town in the south, a town once the capital of the land when the Romans ruled Albion.

We had finished our game and were walking past the sunken croquet ground adjoining. No one was in sight except a player in the middle of the lawn, a curious figure, she might have been sixty, large, rather rotund, badly dressed in a grey affair that came down to her large boots. And over those capacious ornaments she wore big rubber soles to keep from damaging the lawns. She was practising, and she leaned over her ball, mallet in position. Back and forth, back and forth, not once but a half a dozen times, not Hagen himself, no nor Mr. Philip Perkins the world's slowest golfer could have been more meticulous. And finally she hit the ball straight for the wicket; alas it edged to one side, struck the wire and glanced away. She watched it without straightening up, and then, oblivious to us, to the surroundings, to every one and everything, she shook her head:

"Missed, by God."

Ridiculous, yes, absurd, yes, preposterous, again yes; but after all here was that burning insistent ardor of the true lover of sport, that determined feeling for the game above everything which can never come to the sportsman on the make.

The scene shifts. A small local tennis club in a suburban town. We were playing for the club championship, that determined blighter across the net and myself. It was hot, a day when sweat pours off and you long for the showers soon after you have started. To one side and behind was a practice board, and as we began there were two kids hitting the ball against this board. Sons of one of the members, they were perhaps eight or nine, hardly as tall as the racquets they grasped so clumsily. But yet their earnestness and their anxiety to make every stroke correctly was affecting. We watched them between strokes, as we changed courts, endlessly, everlastingly they kept at it. One set, two sets, three sets, four sets, an hour, an hour and a half, two hours, and those kids were still banging that ball against the board.

The sun descended and smote us, the humidity became intense, we grew weary and haggard as games went to six all, seven all, eight all in that fourth set. And yet those persistent little beggars continued batting that ball, with no prize at issue, with nothing at stake, only a desire to perfect themselves urging them on through the heat of the afternoon. And they were still at it when we finally ended our match in that long fifth set. I staggered off to the showers, to clean clothes and a cool drink, and half an hour later when I came out, they were upon the court having a set against each other. I realized then that I was the clubmate of two great little sportsmen.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Pattern of Light

THIS *Firehead*[1] of Lola Ridge's is a dire pattern made of light, a torturous and supreme effort to apprehend, handle, and transmute that Light which was the core and cause and consummation of the whole Crucifixion story. It is a hard, exhaustive work of consecrated, noble striving, but the vision is not cleared, the great poem does not quite appear. The whole book is strung on high tension wires of strain. Frustration, or the fear of it, works through its veins. Victory is not realized, the Light not comprehended. And the result, to some readers, will be, for a time, only the formless black spots which follow a determined focusing upon the sun.

Real success and sustained great poetry aside, there is much that is memorable. Some of the striking, flame-hewn language. And some of the figures in the group around Jesus, groping for adequacy of sight and appreciation, tortured with betrayal. He is always Jesus, never Christ completely; they never are quite saved, although the light sweeps on ahead,

"All things resolving into light
and light in love . . . denying
no toad, beast, man, fowl,
worm . . .
In one song of monstrous adoration."

The light pours over them; they crook their fingers to it in an anguish. Humanity is desperate reaching toward the light. They struggle toward the Christ with the same thwarting with which Miss Ridge struggles back toward that day in time, that day

"Transfigured now and changed
beyond redress—
Smelling of loam and horses and
soft airs
Atingle with April eagerness—
How it was called to stand there
in God's way
In stubborn glory, like a golden
ass
Forefeet, planted against time, that
shall not pass
With light-shod hoofs in darkness."

Mary the mother is a different woman here, bewildered by the strange son whom that first conception, almost

One of Boris Artzybasheff's illustrations in "Three and the Moon," by Jacques Dorey (Knopf)

well-forgotten, gave to her; and who has wished above all things to sink her strangeness into the ordinary life of other women, but now has it recalled.

"Alas
I am too old to think upon these
things . . .
Yet within me a light moveth
darkly . . .
Ah me, I did not love him as a
mother
Should have loved such a son. I
know this now . . ."

Judas's mad complexity; John, exquisitely mystic, are not new. But Peter has never been scrolled so finely, with such tracery of high mercilessness, as in the best lyric of the book:

"Peter beheld the paradigm
Of light that on his palm did sit
Arise, a glowing bird, and wheel
Three times about his head and
then
Make itself small and enter him

Around and round the tiny
flame
That burned therein, on whirring wing
That ever turned and never
moved
From out the circle tightening,
There spun the golden bird of
pain

Around about the shining thing,
The riddle of the light it
loved . . .
And he had all but solved . . .
and grooved
A path of fire within his brain."

John and Magdalene knew Christ best; through them we really catch a startling glimpse of him, here and there, a fawn through maze of thicket-light. Sometimes the bright fawn turns to look at us with unearthly and eternal eyes. Through Magdalene especially does Miss Ridge sometimes reach the peak of her intention—a strangeness, a divinity, man made perfect and inscrutable, for which there is no name.

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL.

The Week's Reading

READERS of the Outlook, who recall the brilliant and acute article on Benjamin Franklin, by the late Harvey O'Higgins which appeared last July, will be interested to find somewhat the same point of view expressed by Bernard Faÿ in his *Franklin, The Apostle of Modern Times* (Little Brown, $5).

Franklin was in life the spirit of compromise. He could take two adversaries tearing at each other's throats

1. *Firehead* by Lola Ridge: Payson and Clarke, $2.50.

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and at the end of his smooth speech, so full of genial common-sense, have them part, shaking hands. The Constitution as it stands today is only one of the many products of his genius for conciliation. When at the end of two months of bitter controversy the constitutional convention seemed at a standstill because the small states would not concede to a smaller representation in Congress than the larger states, it was Franklin who devised the brilliant compromise that has stood the test of a century and a half, viz., that the smaller states shall have a lesser representation in the lower house and an equal representation in the upper house. It is especially interesting to note that Franklin was willing to suggest this though it meant the sacrifice of his pet idea that Congress should have only a single house.

It is in his faculty of mediating between the various schools of impossibilists that we find the clue to that endless series of successes which crowned his life, any one of which would have been enough to establish the fame of a lesser man.

Franklin, Faÿ points out, was not strictly an originator of ideas, but, strictly speaking, who is? Franklin was a sort of Edison of his time, using the ideas of other men, the implication being that it requires less imagination to use an idea well than to initiate it. Faÿ's own list of Franklin's inventions shows the baselessness of such a detraction. Franklin was the first in so many fields that it would be hopeless to indicate here what the author could scarcely jam into five hundred pages. It is to be hoped that this biography will lead us to a closer study of a man whose genius has had, as yet, only a tithe of the recognition it deserves. While those who have read Franklin's autobiography will not always be able to agree with Faÿ's conclusions, we cannot help admiring his ability to bring so much of the life of the 'many-sided Franklin' between the covers of one book.

WILLIAM FRAUENGLASS.

Three Against the World (Dutton $2.50) is an early novel by Sheila Kaye-Smith, published here for the first time. It is a good example of the author's work, rich in emotion and poetic writing, humorless, melodramatic in plot. Melodrama with this author is always wrapped in deceptively tranquil prose, and has interested her less in recent years than it once did. The three of the story are two brothers and a sister, children of good blood and fallen fortunes, most of whose land has been sold, bitterly, to an enemy, to help the younger brother through a prison sentence for swindling. Nigel is just home from prison as the story opens, a sensitive musician, thrown back by his experience into a spiritual childhood. With childlike unworldliness he falls in love with a young girl from whom he is doubly separated, by his position as well as by his past.

From "Made in America" by Susan Smith, illustrated by Harriet Wood (Knopf)

Janey, the sister, one of Sheila Kaye-Smith's Amazonian, deeply passionate women, has with equal misfortune fixed her affections upon the weakling son of the family enemy. Len, the older brother, stands on the side of balance and good sense for the family. The World is against the Three. Nigel's beloved makes the inevitable discovery, Janey's, the inevitable betrayal. And Len dies, a sacrifice to their tragedies, leaving them together to meet a new life in London where the future offers Nigel a career as concert violinist, and Janey a less hopeful one as unmarried mother. So trite a plot needs warmth, poise and deftness in its handling. These Sheila Kaye-Smith gives. Less convincing in its surging emotion than some of her other novels, *Three Against the World* is readable for story and style, and delightful in its lovely pictures of fraternal tenderness, and of Sussex village and farmstead.

Behind the Blurbs

WE HAD ALWAYS supposed that a London policeman was at one time called a "peeler" because he kept his eye peeled for crime. And that "bobby" must have come from some famous cop whose Christian name was Robert. But now we find that both these words have a simpler common derivation. They come, according to *Uniforms of the World*[2], from Sir Robert Peel, who in 1829 organized the London Metropolitan Police. We gathered a number of other interesting facts from this book, which not only gives a complete catalogue of modern uniforms and insiginia of rank, but considers them historically. We believe that its value would have been increased by the more generous use of illustrations, and the addition of some colored plates. ☙ ☙ ☙ Travelers who want to know human, social and political sides of the countries they are visiting would do well to dip into Sisley Huddlestone's *Europe in Zigzags*[3]. The author gossips divertingly and intelligently about personalties in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Russia and Scandinavia. Part dealing with Germany particularly good. ☙ ☙ ☙ If you have a friend whose ego needs deflating, give him copy of *Eos; or the Wider Aspects of Cosmogony*[4], by Sir James Jeans. The author is distinguished English astronomer whose *The Universe Around Us,* recently pub., discusses same topic at greater length. *Eos* can be read in half an hour, and we don't know any book which has given us more quickly a picture of just how important we really are. To give you an idea: there are so many stars that the same number of grains of sand would make a layer over England of hundreds of yards in depth. And the earth would represent one-millionth part of one such grain of sand. It hardly seems worth the trouble of writing this column, in that case. ☙ ☙ ☙ But after that, it hardly scared us at all, in reading H. Jeffrey's

2. By Fred Gilbert Blakeslee: Dutton, $6.00.
3. Lippincott, $5.00.
4. Today and Tomorrow Series: Dutton, $1.00.

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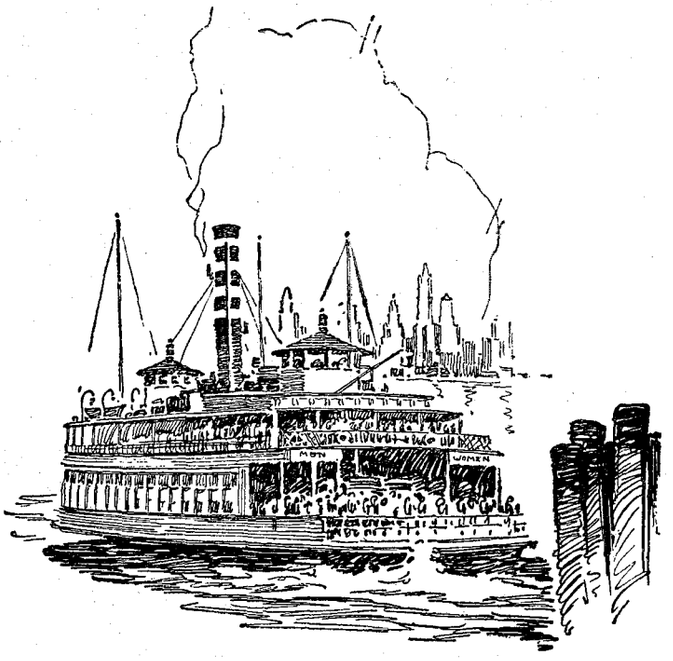
The Future of the Earth[5], to learn that in about a billion years the Seven Seas will be seven solid sheets of ice. We just said "H'm," and went on reading. Some very interesting facts about earth, sun and moon in this small vol. ☙ ☙ ☙ A delightful biography, Wilbur L. Cross's *Life and Times of Laurence Sterne*[6], has just been reissued in one vol. with some additions and changes. ☙ ☙ ☙ And if you want to know the truth about Ambrose Bierce, there's Carey McWilliams's new biography[7], which gives a full size portrait of that remarkable journalist. Disposes of some myths without reducing his stature at all. ☙ ☙ ☙ Manuel Komroff's *Coronet* wears the Literary Guild's January diadem. Quite an opus—700 pages. ☙ ☙ ☙ Longmans Green offers $2000 for the best story for children submitted before Sept. 1, 1930. ☙ ☙ ☙ The Riverside Library is a new dollar series pub. by Houghton, Mifflin, and including such authors as Willa Cather, James Norman Hall, Gamaliel Bradford and Havelock Ellis, as well as Bret Harte, Sarah Orne Jewett, Hawthorne and Thoreau. ☙ ☙ ☙ Papini's *Life of St. Augustine* will be pub. by Harcourt in the spring, 1930 being the 15th centenary of that Christian philosopher's death. ☙ ☙ ☙ The Junior Literary Guild selects for January *The Story of Mountains, Rivers, Dinosaurs and Men,* by W. Maxwell Reed. ☙ ☙ ☙ And up pops Casanova again, or will so pop next fall, when Covici Friede brings out the manuscripts and papers which that professional boy friend wrote in his declining years, and which have never before been published. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Treatise on the Gods,* a book on religion by H. L. Mencken, will be pub. by Knopf in the spring. It is the first book by Mr. Mencken in 3 years. ☙ ☙ ☙ Among the Paper Books which Boni has in preparation are a volume on American poetry by Mark Van Doren, and one of Frank Harris's reminiscences of his adventures as a cowboy 50 years ago. The publisher, with the assistance of the printer, refer to the latter as a "stormy petrol," which epithet could, we think, be more fittingly applied to Mr. Rockefeller. ☙ ☙ ☙ A contribution to the history of witchcraft in England, which contains 790 abstracts of bills of indictments covering 200 years, is *Witch-Hunting and Witch-Trials*[8]. It is not a popular account of the cult and its practices, but treats the subject only from the legal side. ☙ ☙ ☙ We read *The Golden Stone*[9] last night. A good average detective story, concerning series of mysterious thefts in a Swiss hotel. Much about winter sports.



A Ferry-Boat

From "New York" by Ethel Fleming, illustrated by Herbert S. Kates (Macmillan)

☙ ☙ ☙ If you read any foreign language and would welcome news of books in that language, there is an extremely useful little quarterly, *Books Abroad,* which you should know about. It is published by Roy Temple House at the University of Oklahoma, is sent without charge to any one interested, and contains reviews of all current books of any importance in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian and the Scandinavian tongues. It is supported, we believe, by voluntary contributions. ☙ ☙ ☙ A good lively yarn of the Zenda school is *Blood Royal,*[10] by Dornford Yates. It's romance de luxe, and we like it. The hero and his friend drive into the principality of Riechtenburg in a Rolls-Royce, with two servants, and believe us they needed them. They abduct a duke, do a little king-making, rough housing and free for all fighting, and after quite a lot of court etiquette, and several heads and legs have been broken, depart with a few bruises and a charming Grand Duchess. ☙ ☙ ☙ The only Professor of Books in the country, Edwin Osgood Grover of Rollins College, Florida, tells in *The Publishers' Weekly* what he has accomplished in the first three years. Besides the three courses offered—Recreational Reading, Literary Personalities, and History of the Book—encouragement was given to the establishment of a bookstore, which now does a yearly business of $12,000; an under-graduate magazine has been established; several books have been published representing the work of both professors and students; and the students have been encouraged to assemble private libraries. This seems to us a very intelligent way of developing a love of reading among young people. ☙ ☙ ☙ Scribners announces the publication of a limited edition of Surtees's *Sporting Novels* in 10 vols., with all the original Leech and Browne illustrations (90 colored and 300 in black and white.) ☙ ☙ ☙ Outdoor folk should be interested in *Seventeen Famous Outdoorsmen,* by Marguerite Ives: Canterbury Press, which is a pleasantly written account of Henry Vandyke, Judge Landis, Irvin Cobb, Gifford Pinchot, our own Harold T. Pulsifer and other prominent men who have outdoor hobbies. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Wild Honey*[11] by Samuel Scoville Jr. should appeal to lovers of nature and fine prose. It is a collection of sketches, of days in the Seminole swamp which covers hundreds of square miles of Florida, days spent in the Connecticut hills, and so on, written with simplicity and color. The illustrations from etchings by Emerson Tuttle add to the charm of the book. With Scoville, Beebe, Eaton, Sharp and Tracy, America has a group of naturists whose literary style shows them to be worthy followers of Gilbert White. ☙ ☙ ☙

(Please Turn to Page 38)

5. New Science Series: Norton, $1.00.
6. Yale, $5.00.
7. A. & C. Boni, $3.50.
8. By C. L'Estrange Ewen: MacVeagh, $4.00.
9. By D. A. G. Pearson: Dutton $2.
10. Minton Balch, $2.00.
11. Little, Brown and Co., $3.00.

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Of Criticism

By JOHAN SMERTENKO

IN HIS informal and elementary but none-the-less fundamental essay, *(Of Reading Books.* Houghton, Mifflin, $1.00) Professor J. L. Lowes presents as the three major benefits of reading those qualities which critics demand from a work of literature—enjoyment, enlightenment and enlargement. According to the author's powers and our own sensibility we delight in his skill, his humor, his beauty; we discover prosaic fact and liberating idea which add to our sum of knowledge; and we develop our personalities as the creative genius raises us to his level of apperception and articulation.

It is the last of these which is the tessary of admission to the company of divinely inspired writers. And like the wand of Aaron, it proves its divinity by swallowing up the lesser qualities which are within the powers of second-rate sorcerers and magicians. Yet contemporary criticism, especially in America, is exceedingly afraid of divination. It confines its activities almost entirely to the simple fakir tricks which have no social value. At the same time, it repeats the old mumbo-jumbo of realism and romanticism, naturalism and impressionism, pattern, plot and atmosphere, tradition, *zeitgeist,* faith, and other abstractions with which the high-priests of literature have always befuddled the laity.

Today this mummery is inconsistent as well as inadequate because it is ostensibly addressed to the man-in-the-street; the Smiths, Joneses and Robinsons, the Gentle and "conscious" readers have been set up as judges in the land. Thus Storm Jameson *(The Georgian Novel and Mr. Robinson.* Morrow, $1.00) shrewdly scolds her fellow-novelists for not filling their stews with the ingredients that are relished by the average man. Although she is capable of a just appraisal of the practices of Virginia Woolf and Aldous Huxley, she is completely out of touch with the spirit of their work, which is the spirit of their age. However much she may disguise it by abstract nomenclature, what she means by greatness is the particular combination of intellect and sentiment, neuroticism and normality, faith and scepticism, prudery and frankness which characterized the writing of the latter half of the Nineteenth Century.

Similarly Clemence Dane *(Tradition and Hugh Walpole.* Doubleday, $2.00) exalts Mr. Walpole because the Gentle Reader can still find in his novels the traditional treatment of realism, morality and romance.

Whether pedantic or popular this is not criticism; it is literary chatter. Whatever knowledge offered us in this manner of man or book, of literary school or generation, is the cataloguer's information trimmed with irrelevant gossip and descriptive superfluities. At its best it is something like Bonamy Dobrée's studies in modern authors, *(The Lamp and the Lute.* Oxford Press, $2.00) scholarly, intimate and well-written. At its absurd worst it is Grant Overton's *The American Novel* (Lippincott, $1.00). Mr. Overton writes, as he once put it, "to all those who, though having one book, sometimes enjoy another." For these bookworms he has developed a special approach to literature, e.g. "The work of Henry James will for decades to come be highly exciting for a minority of readers. You may be of their number and not know it. There are several tests you can make to find out. . . . It may be ten years, it may be twenty. One thing is certain; if ever you are ready for him, you will find him ready for you." Really there ought to be a law about this!

One need only compare the very best of these studies with the scrappy outline of *Henry James's Criticism* (Harvard Press, $3.00) to realize the difference between interpretation and publicity. Long before he had announced himself as "the critic in a word, who has, *a priori,* no rule for a literary production but that it shall have genuine life," James exhibited that "perception of individual quality" which is the essence of criticism. He praised and he attacked; he changed his mind; he accepted gods and denied them. But always he revealed the vital and the significant quality which his subject offers to a perceptive world. That is criticism.

From "Three and the Moon" (Knopf)

For the critic is not a dietitian of aesthetics to the masses. Nor is he a tutor of craftsmanship, a psychoanalyst of ideas or a wet-nurse of emotion to the artists. He acts in these capacities only incidentally when he chooses to do so and when the exercise of any or all of these functions enables him to establish his divine right to the mission he arrogates to himself—revelation. It is the critic who revealed the beauty of Shakespeare to a world which preferred and still prefers Launcelot Gobbo to Hamlet, the grandeur of Beethoven to the worshippers of Haydn and other organ-grinders of the market-place.

The critic is creative not through the fact that he strings words along as effectively as a poet and novelist but because he actually creates emotional and intellectual values which did not exist before, because he evokes from the maudlin and amorphous acceptances of the average man specific sentiments which he focuses on specific objects hitherto unknown or unseen or unrecognized. As Louis Cazamian puts it in his illuminating work, *Criticism in the Making* (Macmillan, $2.00), "to criticize a work, in the proper sense of the term, is to understand and interpret as fully as possible the urge of energy that produced it; to live again the stages of its development, and partake of the impulses and intentions with which it is still pregnant." Such is the process of gestation; the result is a flash of illumination which makes the work part of human consciousness.

Both R. A. Scott-James and Gorham Munson attempt in their respective fields the same task as Professor Cazamian. They would write the history of intellectual prose. The outline of criticism presented by the first in *The Making of Literature* (Holt, $3.00) is vitiated by his obtuse interpretations. Mr. Munson's book, *Style and Form in American Prose,* suffers from a lack of knowledge or respect for the literary work of Americans other than his contemporaries. Both bury the essence of criticism in the mollusk of pedantry.

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

WHAT WITH confidence in prosperity restored, the stock market returning to two million share days, and the New York Board of Estimate unanimously voting itself a raise in salary—not to mention Christmas—we have precious little idea as to what will appear in the next issue. To us by far the most interesting article will be "La Jeritza" by Pitts Sanborn. We are glad to announce that Mr. Sanborn, the well-known music critic of the New York Telegram will hereafter contribute a monthly portrait of persons prominent in the musical world. His present article is an objective study of the career of Mme. Jeritza. We note that he refers to her as "my favorite acrobat among sopranos and my favorite soprano among acrobats."

THEN THERE IS "Bank of Peace" by Jonathan Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell, formerly London correspondent for the New York *World* and a frequent contributor to the Outlook and Independent discusses the possibility for peace inherent in the proposed Bank of International Settlements. With an American as president and a bold policy, Mr. Mitchell thinks a great deal can be done to insure peace.

FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER'S biography of Mrs. Eddy will continue. The next instalment concerns the reorganization of the Boston Church.

FINALLY WE HAVE an article "Education in the South" by Edgar Wallace Knight. Mr. Knight, who is a professor at the University of North Carolina, examines the state of education in the South and finds it very backward.

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

EITHER we are an exemplar of the truth of that old proverb, Hope deferred maketh the heart sick—or else Noel Coward's *Bitter Sweet* isn't a very good entertainment. We missed it when it opened at Ziegfeld's theatre more than two weeks ago, and despite what we consider superhuman efforts were unable to snatch an evening from the press of later openings until recently. Our anticipation, therefore, naturally ran high.

But we have only to report a stage picture of London and Bohemian Vienna (we mean Bohemian in its restaurant sense) in the Seventies—a kind of English Age of Innocence—accompanied by music lacking in originality, and presented as a background for a romantic love story told in somewhat less than Gilbertian lyrics.

The lady loved a musician and ran away with him on her wedding eve, and no matter what happened (we won't spoil the plot for you) she loved him faithfully until she was an old white haired lady in Belgravia and could tell the young things of today that Grandma wasn't so stuffy after all. Which Mr. Coward—who wrote book, lyrics and music and according to press reports remains pretty constantly around thirty years of age—which Mr. Coward sets forth in many scenes and has called (unless the program maligns him) an "operette."

It is English, of course, but in our humble opinion it is also clumsy. Mr. Coward has no gift for harmony or orchestration, either. So that as an entertainment *Bitter Sweet* relies on its melodies, which are only fair, and on its singers, who—in the case of Evelyn Laye, at least—are rather more than good.

It is a feat, of course, to be one's own librettist and lyric writer and composer—but that fact doesn't do the auditor much good. *Bitter Sweet* holds together well enough. Its pictures of ballrooms and schottisches and early Victorian gowns and young ladies are colorful and interesting. It is magnificently put on by its producers. But its characters are not well drawn, its story is the ordinary romantic one most young men of thirty would write; and the variety a musical play needs is lacking. Without Miss Evelyn Laye it would be pretty thin stuff. We call it mediocrity all dressed up, and no place to go.

All is not gloom this week, however. The sunshine broke through the clouds at Charles Hopkins theatre, at the behest of the irrepressible Mr. Milne. Either he or Mr. Hopkins called it *Michael and Mary* this time.

It hasn't any revelation of truth nor perception of enduring human values or relationships. In fact we might whisper that there are moments of Elsie Dinsmore and Pollyanna all properly whimsied up until they are palatable. It impresses one at times as having been suggested to Mr. Milne by his one Victorian maiden aunt (we are assuming he has aunts) and then fitted out with dazzling dialogue and all the proper surprises which keep you on the edge of your seat at a Milne comedy.

Which is to say that the perception of truth beneath the fairy tale which made *The Ivory Door* one of the most remarkable plays we ever saw—this perception is not brought into play in *Michael and Mary*. In fact, to have done so would have destroyed the plot.

Grant this, nevertheless, and there remains a comedy of real human beings depicted with tenderness, humor and wit. In especial the two human beings named in the title manage to get themselves into such a tangle of love, ethics, law, passion and murder that an element of genuine suspense is added which allows one to forget all the defects of the plot, and even to forgive the leading characters for their sins.

It is the perfect comedy of suspense for Park Avenue; and gains much from the excellent acting of Henry Hull and David Glassford, not to mention our favorite constable, Harry Beresford. In case you want to know it, it's an English love story and covers the twenty years after Michael met Mary in the British Museum.

Along Broadway

WE LIKED:
- Many Waters
- Strictly Dishonorable
- Sweet Adeline
- Bird in Hand
- Journey's End
- Little Show
- Street Scene
- It's a Wise Child
- Berkeley Square
- Fifty Million Frenchmen
- Sons o' Guns

WE FOUND ENTERTAINING:
- Gambling
- Silver Swan
- Heads Up
- Sketch Book
- Follow Thru
- Candle Light
- June Moon
- Veneer
- Game of Love and Death

WE CAN'T RECOMMEND:
- Jenny
- How's Your Health
- Street Singer
- Criminal Code
- A Wonderful Night
- Mendel Inc.
- Young Sinners
- Salt Water

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"The Virginian"

IN THE old silent days the wild west movie was one of the standbys. Nobody was ever much excited by what happened to the characters, but the thing was picturesque and had all the flare of romance and adventure. Britishers still think they are finding out about America when a stage coach is held up by some property Indians.

Now comes *The Virginian,* made from Owen Wistar's novel, and it is not only a swell movie but a movie which moves and has freshness and tang and gusto of the days when the bartender always kept two loaded shooting irons beside the whiskey bottle. Furthermore this is a "western" which is just about as exciting drama as you have seen in months—for it is so well acted, so expertly directed by Victor Fleming and so beautifully photographed out in real prarie and grazing land that it all comes to life.

Gary Cooper as the Virginian and Mary Brian as the little Vermont girl who goes out to Wyoming in frontier days to teach school, head an excellent cast. Opposite Mr. Cooper are Richard Arlen and Walter Hudson, two low-down cattle thieves. For the first time one appreciates the brutal aspect of frontier life. No tender sentimentality here. When Mr. Cooper discovers that his best friend is a cattle thief, he strings him up with the others and leaves him hanging, a thing no old-line movie hero would ever have done.

The Virginian is full of color and life and displays a skillful use of the sound machine which is here taken outdoors more extensively than heretofore except in *In Old Arizona* and one or two other films.

Possibly the most dramatic sequence is that in which Mr. Cooper and Walter Huston are stalking each other in the frontier town while the population has crept indoors to escape the gunfire. It is so quiet you can hear men nervously twirling the cylinders in their guns. Paramount has given us an unusual and highly entertaining film.

"The Mysterious Island"

JULES VERNE'S scientific romance in which he predicted the submarine and speculated about a half-human race living at tremendous depths on the floor of the ocean, has not come out so well. As the old inventor of the submarine Lionel Barrymore does a great deal of leering and wig-shaking, and in a few short talking sequences he covers his face with his hand.

We who go to the movies do not expect scientific accuracy in an adventure story, but the technical absurdities in *The Mysterious Island* will be obvious to any one who has had even the slight experience gained from running a toy train. It seems that old Dr. Barrymore, assisted by an arty looking crowd of "mechanics" dressed in Russian smocks, has built a submarine. His sister, permanently attired in an evening dress, wanders here and there in the machine shop. Pretty soon there is a revolution and everybody goes diving about in lovely cardboard submarines full of wheels and levers and flashing signal lights.

The most interesting sequences are those showing a gigantic octopus leading a swarm of tiny under-sea men to battle against the submarines.

Jules Verne may not have been accurate in every detail, but he always built up his stories so that they sounded possible. *The Mysterious Island* is even less possible than Little Nemo used to be. Due to faulty technicoloring all the characters are rather violently red in the face.

An interesting technical point arises when the hero and heroine, both securely wrapped in heavy steel diving suits, meet at the bottom of the ocean, and float toward each other. A clinch is in order but, for once, absurdly impossible. The old routine is broken and the audience is so pleased that it laughs aloud.

Now Showing

Disraeli: George Arliss in an exact reproduction of his great stage success.

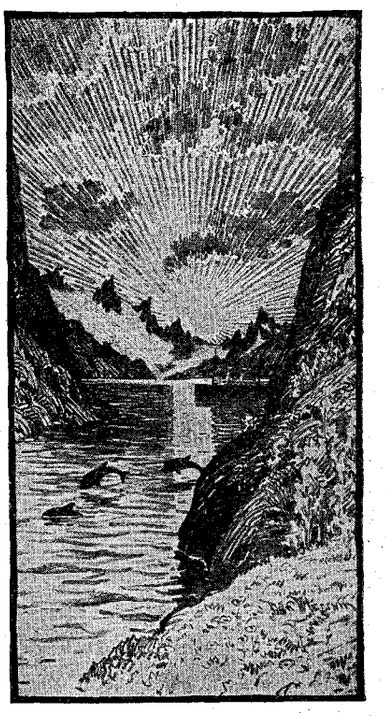
Condemned: Ronald Colman plays it and Sidney Howard wrote it; but it's no **Bulldog Drummond.**

The Love Parade: Maurice Chevalier in a generally good comedy with music. Ernst Lubitsch directed.

The Taming of the Shrew: Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in Shakespeare's rousing comedy.

Hunting Tigers in India: Unusually distinct pictures made by the American Museum of Natural History and helped by a talkie travelogue.

The Kibitzer: Harry Green in the Edward G. Robinson play of last season. A small cigar shop owner accidentally cleans up on Wall Street. Jewish humor.



Norway
THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

SEVENTY-FIVE per cent of Norway's mountainous terrain is so wild, steep, rough, or covered with glaciers and snowfields, as to be almost inaccessible. Yet even among these awesome places there are modern railroads, safe motor roads, or navigable fjords or lakes, that enable the traveler at least to see all of the grandest, most magnificent scenic spots, and to visit many of them.

The mild summer climate, under the midnight sun, allows you to approach to the very edge of a living glacier, beside which are flowers in bloom. Norway abounds in such odd contrasts, and it offers the visitor thousands of sights and experiences to be found nowhere else.

We will gladly help you with your itinerary, including Sweden and Denmark, if you wish. Our services are free—we sell nothing.

Norwegian Government Railways Travel Bureau
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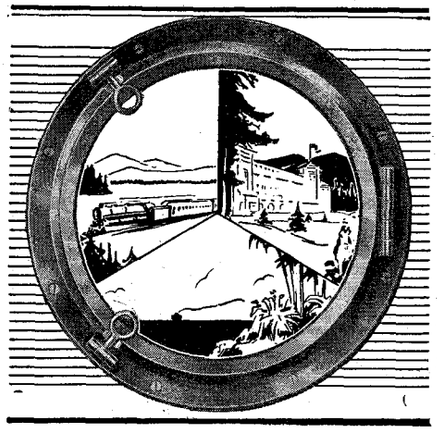
TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



...For the next few months EASTERN CANADA will be clothed in powdery, white snow, inviting all lovers of winter sports to enjoy her hospitality. ¶ Quebec ... old Norman city ... offers the famed triple chute toboggan-slide ... splendid ski-runs ... hockey ... that matchless game of speed. ¶ Ottawa offers similar sports up in the Gatineau Hills. ¶ There is a Ski Club with a membership of 3,000 ... think of frying steaks out in the open ... the tang of coffee in the air. ¶ Murray Bay too gives glorious environment ... winter sports and King Winter are hand-in-hand ... bob-sleighing that takes us back to kid days ... skating on gleaming smooth ice to the accompaniment of gay music ... this is a country that makes the blood tingle and dance ... it is a recapturing of the spirit of pleasure. ¶ Jaded tastes ... tired nerves ... are lost in the vitalized air and white wonder of real winter. ¶

Write us for details on these sports

EVA R. DIXON *Director*

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

Rough-Neck

By ARTHUR STRAWN

George Benjamin Luks, who was once a prize-fighter, has two pictures in the Metropolitan. He has won numerous awards. Mr. Strawn describes his somewhat eccentric personality—and tells of his works

AN elderly, broad-shouldered man, wearing a wide-brimmed black hat and carrying a long staff instead of a walking stick, lumbered down Lexington Avenue in New York City in a driving rain, cursing the weather and muttering to himself.

"Damn this town," he complained aloud, "it's not fit to live in."

Then he stepped to the curb and at the top of his voice shouted, "Hey, rough-neck!"

Pedestrians stopped to wonder. A passing taxi driver hesitated, and the man at the curb pointed the staff at him.

"I mean you, rough-neck," he shouted. "Pull-up!"

The driver, grinning from ear to ear, drew up the cab and opened the door. The elderly man got in and was driven away.

The passenger was George Benjamin Luks, master painter and brilliant water-colorist, the vigor of whose art is rivalled only by the vigor of his living. His paintings have won numerous important medals and awards. They hang in the foremost American galleries, including the Metropolitan (which has two) and the more discriminating Barnes Collection. But it is typical of this veteran American artist that he finds as much pleasure in recalling prolonged drinking bouts at Mouquin's with his good friend, the late James Huneker, and his numerous prolix battles with the Academicians, as he derives from reviewing the artistic successes of his long career.

Born in 1867 at Williamsport, Pa., where his father practiced medicine, Luks received his first art instruction from his parents who sketched and painted as a hobby. Eloquent but derisive chalk drawings on the blackboard hastened his departure from high school, and at seventeen he entered the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Later he went to Germany to study at Duseldorf, making his home with a distant relative, a retired lion-tamer. Less than two months after the artist took up residence with him the lion-tamer was down with nervous prostration.

There was more study in Paris and London, interrupted by protracted visits to the United States where Luks turned his hand to any odd job that would earn money for further work abroad. He served in Cuba during the insurrection of 1895-96 as war correspondent and artist for the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. He fought professionally in the prize-ring under such names as "The Harlem Spider" and "Chicago Whitey." He drew cartoons for the New York *World* and helped in the creation of such once-famous comics as "The Yellow Kid," "Hogan's Alley" and "MacFadden's Flats."

But the urge to paint well and the ability to do it were in him, and he was one of the first American artists with courage to shun classic subjects and to paint New York street scenes and characters. His East Side studies provoked storms of indignation among the dignified members of the National Academy. It was the gifted Huneker's brave defense of the young artist that led to their meeting and life-long intimacy. Since then Luks's paintings have been prominent in many of the Academy's shows, although to this day he is unable to write N.A. after his name.

As an artist he is individual and has remained unaffected by current fashions. At a time when most artists are trying to paint like Cezanne, or Gauguin, or Renoir, Luks continues to paint in the grand tradition of Rembrandt, and his bravura brush-work at its best is not unfavorably reminiscent of Hals.

Today he maintains an atelier on the top floor of a rickety old building among the warehouses of West Twenty-third Street. Here he has his studio and teaches a class. His teaching is but another indication of his independence.

"This pays for all my living expenses," he says, "and so I don't have to give a damn if my pictures sell or not."

At sixty-four Luks still paints as vigorously as ever. He still has the enthusiasm for art and life, for a good story and a good drink, that he had thirty years ago. Two years ago he married his third wife, a woman of twenty-seven.

"By God," he says, with a quick, emphatic nod, "there are damned few men who've been through what I have and done the drinking I have, and are living today to tell it! Damned few, I'll tell you!"

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Dream

THE BEGINNING of the matter was innocent enough. A Spaniard—a young shop-keeper—very modest, very quiet, takes a chance on the Christmas lottery. Is there anything remarkable in that?

There are, however, a great many foolish people in the world, people who make a mystery of luck. One of these came into the shop that morning and mopped his brow and rolled his eyes towards the shop-keeper. The fellow came close and whispered behind his hand:

"You think there is truth in signs?" He peered uncertainly into the shop-keeper's face for, coming from the bright sunshine into that small place, he found it dark.

"Signs?" repeated the shop-keeper meditatively.

"Dreams then? Soothsayers? Wise women and those that read the future? Is there nothing in all that?" asked the caller earnestly.

The shop-keeper looked indulgently at him and shook his head. "Nothing," he said quietly. Then a joke struck him. "I cannot sell it, can I?" he asked. "Well then—" and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Nevertheless," and the fellow blinked and wagged his head, "there is a woman in this town has had a dream.

"We all dream," said the shop-keeper blandly.

"Ay," went on the fellow, his voice rising with excitement, "but not the winning number! She has dreamed the number that will take the prize! The whole town is talking about it!"

The shop-keeper threw back his head and laughed. "We shall see," he began with superiority. Then, not wishing to upset a customer, he went on more kindly, "Well, and what number is to win the prize?"

Slowly from his pocket the villager brought out a piece of soiled paper. "Five—five—three — six — three, and just the same," he nodded his heavy head stupidly, "I wish I held the ticket."

The shop-keeper opened his mouth to laugh again when he happened to remember something. "Wait. Wait here a minute," he said hurriedly, and disappeared behind the shop. In no time at all he was back, leaning on the counter as though he was not feeling well.

"The number of my ticket," he said slowly, "is five five three six three. Now we shall find out what is all this talk about a dream."

He spoke bravely and contemptuously enough but he knew, as his startled visitor fell backwards against the door and then outwards into the glaring street, that he himself was pale, and that his stomach was feeling a little sick.

Perhaps that sinking sense of fear and excitement was due to premonition, for he was still bracing himself upon the counter when the door fell open rudely and a villager fell inside. After him another—and another—pushing, tumbling, shouting at him excitedly:

"How much? For how much will you sell?" "The ticket—I will give you for the ticket—!" "Your price—what is it?"

The shop-keeper struggled to retreat but the townspeople had surrounded him. There was a crash—his window! Another crash—the door was off its hinges. This crowd of madmen, they were tearing his place to pieces. "Help! Help!" he shouted. "Police!" he shrieked above the confusion.

The eager, sweating faces pressed closer. His body was caught in a vise between the bodies of his neighbors. He could not find his breath. And suddenly the faces were as blots. The outside sunlight vanished.

A voice cried, "Out of the way!" There was the sound of clubs—a breath of air—and the shop-keeper stood once more breathing, upon his feet. He clutched the sleeve of the police. He swallowed and tried to speak.

"Order," he gasped. "If they stand in order I will deal with them."

For in that moment of darkness and suffocation his thoughts had passed with lightning rapidity. In his entire business career he had never had so many customers in his shop. This crowd, eager to buy of him was the fulfillment of his highest ambition—and it was killing him. If only he might live to sell the ticket! Only one ticket, perhaps? But in a second his mind had seen magnificent possibilities.

"In single file," he shouted hoarsely, "outside upon the street as far out as they will reach; each one shall have his say," and leaning once more upon the counter of his wrecked shop he made rapid calculations with a pencil, while the police obediently carried out directions.

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The shop-keeper then drew himself erect. "My friends and customers," he called down the impatient line, "Four thousand shares in the lottery ticket—number five five three six three—are now for sale. Four thousand shares! And you know very well that the prize is worth fifteen million pesetas. How many shares will you buy? How many will you? How many?" And How many? he continued to ask until his throat was too parched for speech, and he could only look the question. The crowd went by in single file emptying its pockets to the man.

At last the sun had gone and every customer departed. With all that was left of his energy the disheveled shop-keeper began to count his fortune. At the result he passed a reverential hand across his eyes. He spoke to himself and his voice was thin with awe:

"May God have mercy on my soul, that ever doubted the truth of dreams!"

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The Gospel Spreads

(Continued from Page 25)

Association funds. Mrs. Eddy ruled against the use of Association funds, and announced that if the members cared to aid Mrs. Corner financially, they might do so personally. Mrs. Corner's counsel fees were eventually paid from Association funds. (Mrs. Corner was acquitted on the ground that her daughter died of hemorrhage which might have proved fatal under a physician's care.)

The effect of this meeting was to persuade some thirty-six of the most respected and valuable members to leave the Association and the Church. They were equally determined to force Mrs. Eddy to give them letters of honorable dismissal. This they knew would be difficult. Two by-laws of her Manual read:

Resolved, That every one who wishes to withdraw without reason shall be considered to have broken his oath.

Resolved, That breaking the Christian Scientists' oath is immorality.

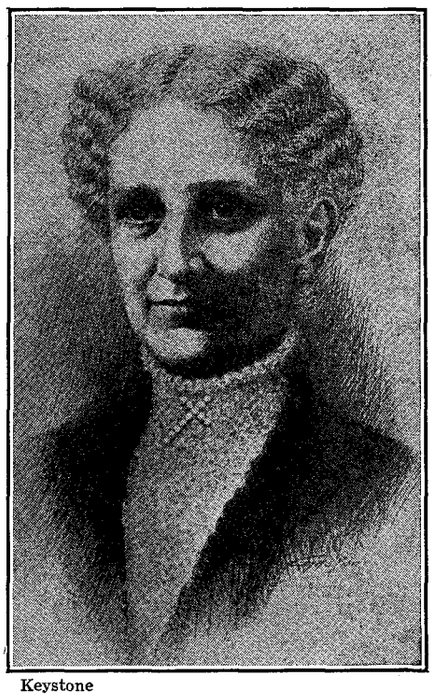
Not once, but many times before had members wished quietly to withdraw and Mrs. Eddy had "expelled" them for "immorality." The first by-law was subject to her own interpretation, and no other. Yet Mrs. Eddy feared to expel so powerful a group. That action taken, she could hardly prevent them from adding their statements to the publicity of the Corner case, and such publicity as would turn upon herself.

Now, in a state resembling panic, Mrs. Eddy ordered the new Secretary to send out a general call for the members of the Association to meet her at the College on June 14th. She hurriedly telegraphed her staunchest out-of-town supporters to meet her privately on June 9th. "I have a message from God that will do you good," one such message read. News of this private meeting spread abroad, and second telegrams immediately followed upon the heels of the first. "The message will be delivered in Chicago. Go there."

The annual meeting of the National Association was to convene in Chicago on June 13th, and Mrs. Eddy, disregarding the call she had sent out to the Boston Association to meet her on the 14th, had suddenly decided to go to Chicago instead. Abruptly she abandoned the Boston group, leaving them to their own troubles, and with Calvin Frye, the new secretary Mr. Johnson, and a few of her intimate and still faithful students, took the train for Chicago.

Her unexpected appearance at the annual convention proved to be a *tour de force.* An audience of more than three thousand people were assembled on the morning of June 13th. When the slight figure of Mrs. Eddy, the Leader they had waited so long to see, appeared upon the stage, the audience rose as a body and cheered her as a single mighty voice.

She waited while the tide of sound rose up about her, and its power came into her. All her fears, her small misgivings, were drowned and borne away upon that tide. The address delivered



Keystone

MARY B. EDDY

by Mrs. Eddy on that day was the greatest personal triumph of her career. The full power of her magnetism and her voice—the voice that had always "stirred her audience as a wind stirs a field of wheat"—now swept her audience to a fever of excitement and emotional ecstasy. The speech itself seen later in cold print (although it was said that the reporters themselves were dissolved in tears and writing through an emotional mist and so lost many of her words) shows how little the Leader's power as a public speaker lay in the words she chose, and how much in the exaltation of her mood.

At the close of her speech the crowd surged forward to the platform. They sobbed out their gratitude and thanks. They strove to touch the hem of her dress. Mothers lifted their children for her blessing. Many sick and crippled were healed. When at last she left them, the crowds blocked the passage of her carriage through the streets. At the hotel throngs were there before her filling the reception rooms and corridors. Her own rooms were banked with flowers. Her power was from that day established in the West.

RETURNING to Boston from this triumph, with her spirit renewed and confidence restored, it must have been a sad depressant to Mrs. Eddy to discover that the dissenters in her flock had not been idle in her absence. They had seized the books of the Association, placed them in the hands of an attorney, and now announced to Mrs. Eddy that the books would not be returned until she had delivered to them letters of honorable dismissal. Mrs. Eddy was forced to yield and signed their letters of dismissal in exchange for the Association books.

The membership of the Boston Church was then less than two hundred. The withdrawal of thirty-six of its most intelligent and influential members left approximately 160 within the fold. Coming directly upon the triumphant entry into Chicago as it did, the *Christian Science Journal* had this to say, "Is there no similarity between the past and present records of Christ, Truth, entering into Jerusalem, and the betrayal? Is the bloodthirsty tyranny of animal magnetism the Veil of the Temple, which is to be rent from top to bottom?"

If "the field" was prospering and secure, the Boston organization was far from safe. Mrs. Eddy must act, and act at once. From his home in Waterbury Center, Vermont, she summoned Dr. Ebenezer J. Foster, a homeopathic physician who had taken her course in Boston the previous autumn, and installed him as assistant professor of Obstetrics in the College. "Dr. Foster," she announced, "will teach the anatomy and surgery of obstetrics, and I, its metaphysics."

To forestall the fomentation of further sedition in her flock, she executed a by-law that no two members of the Association should meet to discuss Christian Science or mental healing without inviting all other members of the Association to be present.

To prevent the reading of "adulterated" works, she published a ruling that all teachers of Christian Science throughout the field should require that their students read no works on the subject of mind cure but her own. One of her most intelligent early Chicago practitioners and teachers, Mrs. Ursula Gestafeld, had published an excellent volume entitled *A Statement of Christian Science,* giving Mrs. Eddy full credit as Leader and Discoverer. Mrs.

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Eddy denounced the book,—"Its metaphysics crawls on its belly," she said in her *Journal*—and promptly ordered Mrs. Gestafeld expelled from the Chicago church. Mrs. Gestafeld as promptly went over to the independents, and published a pamphlet called "Jesuitism in Christian Science."

In spite or because of these drastic moves, discontent was spreading in the Boston Church. Again Mrs. Eddy needed a strong captain to stand by her side; a man whom she could trust, whose interests would be her own. Her choice fell upon the new favorite in her household, Dr. Ebenezer Foster—"Bennie," as she was calling him now. She told him that she "foresaw that her relationship was to be a very close one,"—that she had "grown to love him as a son."

On November 5th, 1888, exactly four months after he had entered her household, Mrs. Eddy legally adopted Ebenezer J. Foster, and he added Eddy to his name. Mrs. Eddy was then 67, and Dr. Foster 41. The petition for adoption read that "said Foster is now associated with your petitioner in business, home life, and life work, and she needs such interested care and relationship."

And now, as when in Lynn ten years before, she had suddenly exalted the new favorite Gilbert Eddy, there was consternation not in the ranks, but in the inner council itself. Among those close to her, there were several who had cherished hopes of succession to the throne. They had labored long in her service, defended her in storm and strife, but what had Ebenezer Foster done? He played the piano, to be sure; was amiable to strangers, and came at the Leader's beck and call.

"That young upstart," said Augusta Stetson. "She should have adopted *me!*"

Amid all these murmurings, these growing jealousies, amid the silent inimical looks upon the faces of her counsellors, Mrs. Eddy remembered the gossip she had heard that during her absence in Chicago the Boston church had been tempted by a plan to expel her as its head. Was this the evil thought in the minds of those about her now? Who was the channel for this mesmerism? Malicious animal magnetism was everywhere. Her mail was guarded. Letters were taken by night to be posted in mail-boxes far across the city, so that their sending should not be known. Her midnight attacks returned. It was good to have a doctor for a son.

In the Spring of 1889 Mrs. Eddy precipitately left Boston, never again to make it her home until the last three years of her life. She took with her Calvin Frye, two or three women of her household, and her adopted son.

And now, from Concord, where she presently established herself, there issued forth the news of the boldest and most inspired strategic move of Mrs. Eddy's life. In a series of smashing pronunciamentos she abolished the "visible organization" of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, the National Christian Scientists' Association, the Boston Association, and the Boston Church.

Throughout the land the other churches stood, detached but flourishing.

"As our dear mother in God withdraws herself from our midst," (announced the *Journal)* "and goes up into the Mount for higher communings, to show us and the generations to come the way to our true consciousness in God, let us honor Him and keep silence; let us keep from her and settle among ourselves or with God for ourselves, the small concerns for which we have looked to her."

(To Be Continued)

The tenth instalment of Mrs. Springer's

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which appears in the issue of JANUARY 8 will tell of the reorganization of the Boston Church

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Behind the Blurbs

(Continued from Page 30)

Scribners have collected under one cover John Galsworthy's saga of the younger Forsytes and are publishing it under the title of *A Modern Comedy.* In its 798 pages the Forsyte history is brought to a close. Contains: *The Silver Spoon, The White Monkey, Swan Song,* and *Two Forsyte Interludes.* All for $2.50. ❧ ❧ ❧ Of interest to the collector should be the announcement of Black Sun Press (Paris) that there are now available 100 copies of

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Hudson River Bracketed, by Edith Wharton: Appleton. A warmly human story of young genius in New York marked by brilliant analysis. Reviewed Nov. 20.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War. Reviewed June 5.

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway: Scribners. No one interested in the course of contemporary literature will miss this fine novel. The scene is the Italian front during the World War. Reviewed Oct. 16.

Diana, by Emil Ludwig: Viking. Michael Arlen, German style. Reviewed Dec. 18.

A Gallery of Women, by Theodore Dreiser: Liveright. Objective, mature and brilliant portraits of fifteen women. Reviewed Dec. 18.

Non-Fiction

New Worlds to Conquer, by Richard Halliburton: Bobbs, Merrill. Reviewed in this issue.

Richelieu, by Hilaire Belloc: Lippincott. A brilliant, highly readable historical essay with an interesting comparison of Richelieu to Bismarck. Reviewed Nov. 20.

Marriage and Morals, by Bertrand Russell: Liveright. A courageous and valuable study of modern marriage. Reviewed Oct. 23.

Franklin, The Apostle of Modern Times, by Bernard Fay: Little, Brown. To be reviewed.

Europe in Zigzags, by Sisley Huddleston: Lippincott. To be reviewed.

Archibald MacLeish's *Einstein* printed on Holland paper at $7.50 each, and 50 signed copies printed on Japanese vellum, $20 each. ❧ ❧ ❧ Roy Mitchell's *Creative Theatre*[12] should prove interesting to actors, students and playwrights. It should also interest the playgoer as part of its intent is to create a new kind of audience. Mr. Mitchell says that this new audience must be born before the theatre may again be a career and an art and not "the mean scramble it now is." Somebody page Jane Cowl! ❧ ❧ ❧ And still they come, the biographies. Two new ones appearing simultaneously are about Peter the Great, a gentleman who has remained unexploited by biographers for an uncommonly long time. Both bearing the title *Peter the Great,* one is a translation from the French[13] while the other is by Stephen Graham[14]. For devotees of history the two should prove a study in contrasts.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

12. John Day, $4.00.
13. By Georges Oudard: Payson & Clarke, $3.50.
14. Simon and Schuster, $3.50.

Europe's Babbitry

(Continued from Page 7)

only helped them but appreciated them and their works. We do not know how many artists were thwarted by the caprices of the nobility upon whom they depended, we do not know how much of their creative energies were wasted in satisfying the whims of the untutored and uncritical. Florence had its Medicis, and the lover of beauty still owes them much. Yet Benvenuto Cellini tells in passing how Michaelangelo lost one commission because of the more adept flatteries of a rival who was superior only as a courtier. Cellini may have been a liar about his personal exploits, but there is evidence to support his impersonal statements of fact. Also, there is no purer or prouder aristocracy than Austria's and no city in which the arts have been woven more closely into daily life than Vienna, yet Mozart was buried in a pauper's grave and Schubert hungered. Art and the works of the intellect owe much to the coroneted patron. That we know. We do not know how much they have paid. That may be greater. . . . And after all, has not the American Dives turned patron of the arts? And on what else has the founding of aristocratic lines ever rested except possession of the instruments of power of the time and place?

The argument drawn from aristocracy and democracy yields very little in the understanding of America or of the relation between Europe and America. Much more than the blood lines of a few hundred or a few thousand families on the continent of Europe has made that continent what it is, much more than the absence of such lines makes this continent what it is. The forces released by science, little understood and given free play, have fashioned the American scene and attuned the American spirit. Because they are new forces this is a new civilization, not to be judged by criteria derived from any other. Nor is it possible to do more than speculate on what its consummation will be. But that the same forces, when they have reduced the obstructions in Europe, as they must if Europe is to be able to survive in the economic struggle, will have the same effects in Europe is not conjecture or prophecy. It is a statement of a law in physics. It may be regrettable, but it is also inescapable.

Finally, what can be said about America and the "Americanization" of Europe? What is there but the French proverb, "To understand all is to forgive all"? Or, better yet, to understand all is to understand all. Which may be enough.

Illustration by Roland Hilder in a new gift-edition of Stevenson's "Treasure Island" (Oxford University Press)

The Cost of Modern Medical Care

(Continued from Page 21)

to help the finance of the individual case. Hospitals, ambulances, anesthetics, nurses, and other fees are fixed, must be paid in cash, and most frequently in advance. The question for consideration then is, not how to lower the cost of medical care by lowering the income of the doctor, but how to organize medical care so as to provide as economically as possible the highest type of service that can be rendered today.

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terests of the people and to the advancement of medical science.

Innumerable schemes have been advanced for lowering the cost of nursing care. The suggestions have included two year courses of nursing, and even three month courses of nursing; group nursing, whereby one nurse on a floor takes care of several patients; hourly nursing, whereby the service of a nurse is distributed hour by hour among numerous homes in one section of the city. Every attempt to lower the cost of nursing service by such methods seems to have met with failure, not because the service was inadequate, but because the American public has been trained in recent years to expect and to accept in medical care nothing but the best.

In their considerations of the cost of medical care, the physicians seem to have been continuously on the defensive. They realize better than any one else that the best medical care is a time consuming, intricate, expensive procedure; that a commercialized, mechanized medical profession, whether provided by salaried physicians employed by business men or by corporations of medical men, will probably fail. They feel that a sincere and complete application of what are known as business methods to the practice of medicine would bring down on the profession a revolution beside which the current attempts to change the nature of medical practice would be child's play.

The problem of the future is the provision of the best medical care to all the people at a price that they can afford. The price that they can afford today does not seem to meet the cost. It therefore remains for some real economist to work out a plan which will guarantee saving and will make the average man realize that he will be better off if he has sufficient funds to pay for the care of his family in disease, than if he has a motor car, a radio, or a piano in times of health.

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With Our Readers

(Continued from Page 2)

Open Door in China," "The Freedom of the Seas," and others.

At the very beginning of the Washington Conference, our chief delegate announced that the United States advocated a Navy having a maximum of 500,000 tons of battleships, 80,000 tons of airplane carriers, 450,000 tons of cruisers and destroyers, and 90,000 tons of submarines. An agreement for battleships and airplane carriers was made. At the opening of the Geneva Conference, our chief delegate announced that the United States proposed a maximum tonnage of 300,000 for cruisers, 250,000 for destroyers, and 90,000 for submarines.

Have not our announcements of the "Kind of a Navy" been particularly clear and specific? At both conferences, and since, our Government has repeatedly announced that while adhering to a *DEFINITE POLICY OF PARITY* for all types of ships we were ready to reduce the tonnages given in cooperation with other powers.

We should appreciate the importance of the London Conference. If we accept a weaker Navy than that of any other power, we shall emerge from the conference as a second rate power. It is not a trifling question of "wanting everything he has," but a serious question as to whether or not America is to be a first or a second rate power. It is disheartening to see this array of hostile (but somewhat school-boy) questions in such a publication as the Outlook.

Let us quote the words of a late editor of the Outlook, the words of Theodore Roosevelt:

"The American people must either build and maintain an adequate Navy, or else make up their minds definitely to accept a secondary position in international affairs, not merely in political, but in commercial."

L. M. Overstreet,
Captain, U. S. Navy.

▶▶*Players and Coaches*

Pasadena, California

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading the article by Mr. Tunis in the Nov. 13 issue of the Outlook entitled, "Whose Game Is It?" I can appreciate the point of view of the author, even though I am one of the "old school" coaches. I have been playing or coaching, mostly coaching the game since 1891.

Only a few days ago I remarked to one of my players that the present unfavorable status of the game as an educational adjunct was largely due to the coaches. The coaches started it back in the '90's. The players took it up, and then the student bodies under the toleration of the college administrations, until now the game is out of hand. In fact, the coaches are now the slaves of their own creation, rather than the masters.

I do not believe with Mr. Tunis that it would help the game to place the coach in the stands, nor would it injure the game much so long as he is associated with the players at other times and places. A remedy must go deeper than that. To go farther and abolish the paid coach I believe would spoil the game as a game, as it surely would as a public spectacle. The latter might not be much of a loss and may be in the end the only remedy.

Football has become a system, an institution with the game as a basis. As an institution it should be shaped, controlled rather than be impaired. Its good qualities should be preserved. Of course, its best quality is to play the game for the fun of it. That in a measure will have to be reinstated.

Another good quality of the game is the high development of its technique.

This technique is the product of the coach. Students have neither the time nor the experience to develop the theory upon which the practice is based. But perhaps the theory is not worth while preserving?

What we need is another book on *How to Play Football*, but not by a coach who has nothing but technique to offer unless he be one who is willing to be sacrificed on the cross by public opinion and even by his own college—by which latter he surely will be.

W. L. Stanton

▶▶*Those Skirts Again*

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Dear Sir:

I have been very much interested in watching the controversy of long skirts *vs.* short as voiced in the pages of the *Outlook*. It seems to me however, that all the "shootin'" is not only premature but unnecessary.

Never was any radical change of style ushered in but what it not only had a decided cant toward extreme but almost bent over backwards in that direction. It is only the old maxim of "exaggeration for effect."

If the fashion authorities who are creating the styles and the women who are wearing them (to say nothing of their husbands) will only quiet down and "calm themselves," they will, as a result, wake up some bright morning not too far distant and find that the styles have modified themselves of their own accord and that they are not so bad after all (and by "bad" I mean extreme); that the modified edition is not so very different, in the more utilitarian dresses, from their sisters of last year, and yet sufficiently different to furnish that variety which is said to be the spice of life.

Of course, far be it from me to be a "kill-joy" to all the fun everybody is having talking about the styles, because after all we really *must* have some new innovation every now and then to furnish us with drawing room conversation. But, for the moment, why not forget the styles and how heart-breaking they are and give them the opportunity to do a little "self-adjustment." It is often surprising what a thing like this can do, all by itself, if given a sufficient number of uninterrupted moments for contemplation.

Bernice Barton.

▶▶*Why Fill the Stocking?*

New York City

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Dear Sir:

Shortly after reading Mr. Sanborn's article, "The Empty French Stocking," in your issue of December 4th, I heard an address given by Raymond Duncan, brother of the far-famed Isadora and founder of a cult no less original than hers.

It was interesting to discover that the opinions of Mr. Duncan (who has just returned from a long sojourn in France) completely agree with those of Mr. Sanborn with regard to the changed spending proclivities of the French.

Mr. Duncan said that no nation has ever undergone so complete a change in so short a time as has the French nation and that this people who have always been noted for their frugality are now not only spending their daily wages with reckless abandon, but they are bringing out all their savings, their securities and their various inherited treasures and converting them into cash to be spent on things of the moment.

Duncan, strange as it may seem to the more conservative of us, looks upon this change as one of the finest things that could happen to any nation. He takes this attitude because it is in keeping with one of the cardinal principles of his philosophy. He spoke of Benjamin Franklin as "my old enemy" who started the policy of thrift. Duncan contends that thrift is all wrong and strongly recommends a policy of spending your all day by day, or of "casting your bread upon the waters," saying that such a policy must of necessity result in the casting of the heart upon humanity.

According to this philosophy, perhaps the French are not in such a "bad way" after all.

J. W. Webb

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